Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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CHARACTER

BY THE EDITOR

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan.—
He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself;—
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote for Gineral C.

SINCE the political situation in 1848, as thus depicted by James Russell Lowell, bears a striking resemblance to that of the present time, observers of the tendency of history to repeat itself will be interested to recall that the vote of John P. was offset by the vote of the State of New York and Gineral C. was defeated. Whether a like fate awaits the "dreffle smart man" who now bears aloft the Democratic banner which fell from the palsied hands of Mr. Cass sixty-eight years ago may be a matter of opinion, but in all other respects noted by the poet the analogy is perfect. We have no less authority than that of the esteemed Dr. Eliot for Mr. Wilson's manysidedness on public questions, and the "*one* party" to which he is "true" is clearly indicated by his "pledge" to the Pennsylvania Dutch on October 14, of "absolute devotion to those ideals which have animated the

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Democratic party in *the last three years,*"—a truly significant limitation, which can hardly escape the attention of Mr. Henry Watterson as the living personal representative of the shades of Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland.

But it is as a "dreffle smart man" that Gineral C. by comparison fades away; to say little or nothing of our Peerless Follower, who seems to have learned at last when and before whom a cocked hat should be doffed with becoming deference. Truth to tell, we had begun to fear that Brother Bryan had "come out for Wilson," only to emulate the forlorn example of our own Judge Woodchuck before the radiant face of the Hon. James E. Martine and go in again; but happily our apprehension is relieved by a news dispatch from some place in Utah saying that Dr. Ira Landrith, the well-known druggist and dentist, had heard him speak somewhere in Colorado and had reported exultantly to the folks at home, "Bryan is not dead, he is only resting; Bryan is the only man who can keep both ears to the ground and continue marching on."

It may be so. But granting that so marvelous a physical feat could hardly be expected of any but a Chautauquan performer, we still maintain that the mental agility displayed by Mr. Wilson in the present campaign has never been surpassed. Take, for example, the Shady Lawn speech, delivered yesterday, which we have just finished reading. This address, we are informed but do not believe, was composed expressly for the enlightenment and discouragement of the late Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Mr. William F. McCombs, who now thinks he is running for Senator from New York, but a quick turn was rendered necessary by the unavoidable detention of the exclusive auditor, who began to gag after he started for Long Branch and, according to the papers, was taken into the Hotel Lorraine and treated for what they politely termed tonsilitis. So, after the briefest imaginable delay, it was spoken finally to a remarkable aggregation of "Pennsylvania business men," headed by the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, who will be remembered as the recipient of a letter clearly defining Mr. Wilson's divergent views on the second term and later as an inquisitive agent at the White House of certain New York firms whose foreign business was susceptible of acceleration by advance information concerning the intentions of the Gov-

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ernment. Mr. Vance McCormick was also among those present; so there is no reason why we should not proceed.

After felicitously complimenting the Pennsylvanians upon their having "again and again attempted"—in vain, up to date—"to demonstrate to the rest of the Union that they believed that we had come into a new age, that they believed that this new age required new elements of policy, that they desired men to lead them who would lead them to the light," etc., Mr. Wilson said plainly:

> Upon the surface, the present campaign seems to grow more and more complex, if you are to judge by the number of contradictory and divergent things that are being said. It becomes daily more and more incomprehensible. But, after all, underneath the surface, behind the noise of the vacant talk, all the elements of the campaign are being infinitely simplified. It is one of the simplest campaigns that we have ever seen. [Laughter.] I told you you would understand some things without my putting them into words.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding the perfect understanding of those present, as evidenced by their laughter at the twinkling witticism, there still remained a few things in need of explication. "You know, my fellow citizens, what happened, for example, when Mr. Vance McCormick was a candidate for Governor." Indeed, they knew—590,701 for Brumbaugh to 452,882 for McCormick, to be exact. But that was not the point. The question was, why had the Progressives who contributed 140,329 of the losing 452,882 now gone back to the Republicans "openly," and "without apology" to Mr. McCormick or anybody else, thus shamelessly rendering the State less surely doubtful than it might otherwise have been? Because their leaders made "abject and unconditional surrender." That was why. (No laughter.)

And what was "happening in New Jersey"? Instantly the vivid imagination of the audience leaped to the latest happening, which revealed by a vote of two to one the comparative standing, in the regard of Democratic voters, of the Hon. James E. Martine and the Administration; but that was not what Mr. Wilson had in mind. His memory carried him back to the good old days when he "had the pleasure of going about the State," calling for the election of Martine and the diffusion of other luminous rays and denouncing "those men in both parties" who were "co-operating to divide the spoils," and whom later, he was "very happy to say," he "was privileged to have a part in showing the

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door." At this point the perfect understanding of the audience enjoined silence in sympathetic recognition of the speaker's tact in not referring by name to Mr. James R. Nugent, the only one of "those gentlemen" to whom the door was literally shown upon a memorable occasion, and the only one who is now a happy co-operator in the distribution of spoils and a welcome guest at Shady Lawn.

Naturally the wicked Republican gentlemen fared less well. They, it appears, represent "influences which came out of lawless communities," and have "for years together"—i. e., through the administrations of Governor Woodrow Wilson and his personally selected successor—"been in the confidence of the very men" who "refused to obey the laws of the State," which for some reason or other seem not to have been enforced.

But a brighter day is about to dawn. "The thing is open, the thing is obvious, the thing is impudent; but, my friends, it can't be done after the light is turned on. There is only one place where such counsels thrive, and that is in darkness and concealment. And now the light is beginning to burn into these places, a light which not only illuminates but which cleanses, a light which not only displays the elements of corruption but disperses the elements of corruption." So that will be all right. And since "exactly the same thing is happening in Pennsylvania," despite the iniquitous desertion of the Progressives, we turn with relief to a larger field, only to learn, alas, that "the same thing is being attempted in the Nation."

What "the thing" is we are not informed, but presumably it is the dislodgement of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Redfield, Mr. William Joel Stone, Mr. Jay Hamilton Lewis and the furtive Colonel Mouse from power,—an undertaking which obviously Mr. Wilson regards with distinct, though quite lofty, displeasure. The orator did not refer to Mr. Hughes by name, but shrewdly induced the audience to identify either him or Senator Root as the "private counsel" of special interests,—a clever stroke involving no direct responsibility—while simultaneously he more openly and bravely let go at Mr. Roosevelt as the "vocal part" of the opposition that had brazenly declared "we wanted war." Now Mr. Roosevelt never said anything of the kind, but the mere fact that the audience accepted the statement, not only as applying to him, but as gospel truth, serves to

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indicate how easily a false accusation may be disseminated if it be put forth with masterly adroitness. And when Mr. Wilson added succinctly that " the best way to avoid suspicion is to condemn the thing that you are doing yourself," not a living soul suspected that the adage sprang from his own experience in sternly denouncing Republicans for making war in Mexico. Gineral C. himself could not have turned a sharp corner with less skidding.

The meeting came to a happy conclusion when the visitors were cheered on their way home to carry Pennsylvania, to the end that " the whole world " might say, " America is redeemed, and the future belongs to those who see the light upon the horizon." Mr. McCormick remained overnight.

But the three ten-strikes that stand forth most conspicuously in Mr. Wilson's series of non-partisan speeches are his Exposure of the Old Guard; his Smash at Wall Street; and his Forecast of War if he shall be defeated. His first assault possessed a distinct news value. There was a strong suspicion at the time of the Chicago convention that what is left of the Old Guard was not really in full control. But Mr. Wilson knew better and quite rightly determined to take the public into his confidence. " Back of all," he declared, " sit the men who have control, the Old Guard. These gentlemen were in control of the last Republican convention at Chicago. These gentlemen made all the choices that were made. They wrote all that that convention put forth by way of commending itself to the confidence of the people," etc., etc. Most shamefully, shockingly and distressingly to Mr. Wilson, they nominated Charles E. Hughes for President.

We can but wonder where Mr. Wilson obtained this surprising information. He was not there himself, of course. Nor was Colonel Mouse, so far as anybody knows. Mr. Dudley Field Malone blew in gustily one morning, but only for the day,—and there you are. But hold! We have it. Undoubtedly, in his search for the whole truth and nothing but, Mr. Wilson must have perused the teeming columns of his most valiant supporters, the *Times* and the *World*. So we turn patiently to the files of the *Times* and read as follows:

May 5.—A majority of the most resourceful Republican politicians who participated in the perpetration of " The Crime of 1912 " are now actively engaged in promoting the Root boom. The work is being conducted on countrywide lines, and special efforts are being made to win over delegates known to lean toward Justice Hughes.

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The Old Guard leaders do not as yet regard the Hughes danger past. Some even expressed fear yesterday that some public declaration from the Justice might upset all their carefully laid plans.

May 18.—Despite the reports from many States and from Washington indicating strong sentiment for Justice Charles E. Hughes for the Presidential nomination, Old Guard leaders in this city yesterday persisted in professing a belief that he would not be nominated.

May 23.—From now until the opening gavel falls at the Chicago convention the combined energies of the Old Guard leaders in the Republican organization will be directed toward obtaining second choice pledges in favor of Elihu Root from delegates committed to favorite sons who will be eliminated after the first ballot. This is a piece of Old Guard strategy in connection with the concerted movement to prevent Justice Charles E. Hughes from getting the nomination.

Chicago, June 1.—In the opinion of the long-headed leaders who will wield a decided influence in the Republican National Convention next week, the situation, as affecting candidates has practically narrowed down to Roosevelt or Hughes. Neither is wanted by the chieftains of the Old Guard.

Chicago, June 6.—With Hughes sentiment growing and a majority of "favorite son" delegates said to be for Justice Hughes as their second choice after pledged obligations have been discharged, Old Guard leaders of the opposition, headed by William Barnes and James W. Wadsworth Jr., were marshaling their forces to-night for a terrific drive to break the Hughes line.

Chicago, June 10.—When the Republican Convention met this morning the nomination of Justice Hughes was inevitable. The forces of the Old Guard had begun to disintegrate during the night. In the wee small hours of morning the leadership of men who had formed a close corporation within the Republican ranks faded away. They could not control their following, and sadly but with resignation they reached the conclusion that organization methods would avail nothing against the desire of the majority of delegates to follow their own course, which was to get on the Hughes band wagon as quickly as possible.

But perhaps Mr. Wilson perused the *World*. If so, he read:

May 15.—The problem confronting the straight goods Republican leaders three weeks in advance of their nominating convention is to devise means for "stopping" Supreme Court Justice Hughes from running off with the Presidential prize ahead of time. Having "shelved" Colonel Roosevelt for the time being they plan to turn

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the trick with Root. . . . The leaders, primarily intent on " trimming " the Colonel, have developed the movement in favor of Justice Hughes to the maximum of their calculations. Despite the astonishing growth of sentiment favorable to him they are of the opinion they can keep it well in hand and hold back enough votes to prevent the consummation of the plans of his sincere supporters to compel his nomination.

Chicago, June 3.—The indications are that Perkins' invitation will be accepted without prejudice to either side, which means that the regulars will listen and then, according to the present plan, go ahead with their programme. This, in substance, is:

1. Line up an overwhelming majority of the delegates against the Colonel so as to convince even his most enthusiastic supporters among the " straight goods " leaders and delegates that he cannot win.

2. Manipulate the situation to prevent the nomination of Justice Hughes.

3. Anything to beat both of them.

June 4.—In his appeal for the nomination of Justice Hughes, which is printed elsewhere, George W. Wickersham quotes from an editorial of the *World,* July 27, 1908, which said:

" Mr. Hughes is the first Governor of New York since Grover Cleveland who did not owe his nomination directly to the favor of the machine and the bosses."

This is an actual statement of fact, but we doubt if its reiteration at this time will do much to bring about the nomination of Hughes for President. The Republican leaders are not looking for a candidate who is independent of the machine and the bosses. They want a man who will work with the machine and the bosses. That is why many of them prefer Roosevelt to Hughes, in spite of everything that Roosevelt has done to wreck the party.

No Republican boss ever had anything to fear from Mr. Roosevelt as long as he could make himself useful, and no boss ever had anything to expect from Hughes. That is why the Old Guard looks upon him with deep distrust. . . .

The qualities that make Hughes strong with Republicans like Mr. Wickersham antagonize the kind of leaders that profess to control the party.

May 12.—There are four obstacles to the nomination of Justice Hughes for President. The first obstacle is the undisguised opposition of the Old Guard which controls the Republican organization and will control the convention. The Old Guard does not want Hughes. It knows that if he is elected he will smash the Republican national organization as he smashed the Republican State organization when he was Governor of New York. The Republican organization needs wrecking. It ought to have been wrecked long ago, and

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the certainty that Hughes would do the job intensifies the Old Guard opposition to his nomination.

Is it not extraordinary that, in the face of all this evidence from his own journalistic household and of common knowledge of the fact, as we saw stated somewhere at the time, that "Nobody wants Hughes—but the People," a President of the United States should utter so palpable a misstatement? Imagine Washington or Lincoln or Cleveland doing such a thing!

We pass shamefacedly to the more artful assault upon Wall Street. There was nothing new in this procedure, of course; it has been for long the last refuge of a desperate candidate. Brother Bryan, in fact, made a business of it for years and does still for all that we know, in his prolonged absence from the limelight; but Brother Bryan was clumsy as well as honest. He never was compelled to separate the good rich sheep who aided him from the bad rich goats who opposed him and, while he never waved away support, he did not attempt, so far as we can recall, to trade appointments for "the Jew vote" and the financial assistance which is supposed to go therewith. What was easy and natural for him, therefore, became a difficult task for Mr. Wilson,—yet behold the skill and delicacy with which it was performed! Mr. Wilson said:

> I do not like these words, "Wall Street." Because there are some men in Wall Street who have vision, there are some men who see things large and see them true, there are some men with fine statesmanlike gifts, and I do not like to include them, but the main impulse in Wall Street is not given to it by them. When I say "Wall Street" I mean some parts of Wall Street, and I leave you to select the parts.

One could readily have picked Mr. Paul M. Warburg of the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who may or may not be slated for Chief Justice to succeed Mr. White, and Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, as a few of the parts endowed with vision, statesmanlike gifts and purified lucre, on the very day when the speech was made,—but lo! another appeared against the light of the horizon immediately thereafter in the person of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, the greatest speculator on the Stock Exchange, who was named for membership of the important General Defense Board and whose advent to public life was signalized by a prompt change in the betting odds, to the advantage of Mr. Wilson.

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The candidate concluded somewhat hastily with the remark that he "would not have you consider me prejudiced against the City of New York, one of the vital parts of the United States." Not at all. Much depends upon New York City on November 7, whether Mr. Vance McCormick finally convinces Mr. Charles F. Murphy that he can deliver the Postmastership over the dead body of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard or not. Taken as a whole, Mr. Wilson's observations were excusatory rather than condemnatory, but they sufficed to enable the *World* and other faithful journals to spread aloft the headings "WILSON LASHES G. O. P.'S OLD GUARD AND WALL STREET—WARNS PEOPLE OF "ONE OF THE MOST SINISTER COMBINATIONS AMERICAN POLITICS EVER SAW," etc. Surely a clever bit of work!

But the most telling of the ten strikes was the conjuring from the vasty depths of the grim specter of war. This was "a very serious thing, indeed." But since "there is only one choice as against peace and that is war" and since "a very great body of supporters of the Republican party"—unrevealed, except to Mr. Wilson—"outspokenly declare that they want war," it followed necessarily that "the certain prospect of the success of the Republican party is that we shall be drawn into the embroilment." If the prospect of Republican success is, in fact, certain, there would appear to be small occasion for further speculation. But that is not the idea which Mr. Wilson intended to convey. What he really meant to say was that only his re-election could keep the United States at peace with all the world, Mexico and Haiti, we assume, included.

This reminded our neighbor the *Tribune* of the remark of Thad Stevens to the husky colored lads who bore him up the Capitol steps in his last days: "Who is going to carry me up these stairs, boys, when you are gone?" But the *World* took its cue with assumed seriousness and asked loudly in a horrifying double-leaded voice, "Do the American people want peace with Wilson or war with Hughes?"

Was ever such balderdash? What nation, in all conscience, is going to get so mad at us for electing Charles E. Hughes President that it will forthwith make war upon us? The Allies? If so, we suppose they would begin by withdrawing England's fleet from the North Sea and sending it over here to demolish the munitions factories at Bridge-

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port and Chester. The Central Powers? Why not? Austria has only a few millions of Russians, Roumanians and Italians on her hands at the moment, and the Germans would like nothing better than to pack their pent-up fleet and their western army upon Zeppelins and sail them across the Atlantic for a bit of sport.

Yes, it *is* Germany, we find upon reading further. Possibly because the Almighty does not express Himself so explicitly in firm, declaratory notes, the fear of God in the Kaiser's heart is as nothing to his fear of Woodrow Wilson. Consequently, according to the *World's* special correspondent, Mr. Swope by name, "pretended American organizations" in Germany are raising money for propaganda work among our gullible citizens and "the report is freely circulated in Berlin that St. John Gaffney, the discredited former Consul General at Munich, took with him money to use in supporting Hughes among the American Irish and Catholics." This, we have to admit, is "very serious, indeed." But suppose the Kaiser should succeed in his desperate attempt to buy the election of Mr. Hughes! What then? Why, then, he is going to make war upon us for "repudiating Wilson." So you perceive it is all quite clear. Oh dear, oh dear!

But the President found "a more serious aspect even than that." There was "an immediate result of this thing, my fellow-citizens. From this time until the 7th of November it is going to be practically impossible for the present Administration to handle any critical matter concerning our foreign relations, because all foreign statesmen are waiting to see which way the election goes, and in the meantime, they know that settlements will be inconclusive." While few will be able to detect any striking novelty in the "inconclusiveness" of "settlements," the awkwardness of the situation is apparent. But clearly the only way to relieve it is by postponing the election indefinitely or by giving our present indispensable magistrate not only a despised second term but a tenure for life—and that, however desirable or essential, seems now to be hardly feasible.

It is true, of course, as the *World* complains, that "Mr. Hughes will be without power until March 4 and the Government of the United States will be adrift"; but while this circumstance is undeniably regrettable, it is not easy to see how the Government can be any further adrift than it

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has been. Mr. Wilson will not only continue to be vested with all the powers of his high office, but he will be relieved of the handicap of having to shape his course along vote-getting lines. Instead of being obliged to keep both ears to the ground, Bryan fashion, as he informed the Washington Press Club some time ago he was too proud not to do, he will be enabled to hold up his head and be President of the United States for four months, at any rate. That, we venture to assert, is an opportunity not to be undervalued if he would, as we sincerely hope he may, retrieve for his native land what Mr. Jefferson quaintly described as "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

While, then, we might, if pressed, feel constrained to admit, with our neighbor the *Globe*, that Mr. Wilson "stretched a candidate's privileges in his prediction that if he was not given a second term the country would be plunged into war," we cannot withhold admiration of the astuteness of his appeal to shivering unintelligents.

Perhaps the most impressive psychological aspect of this interesting campaign is that afforded by Mr. Wilson's personal attitude, depicted by himself with characteristic frankness, with respect to the result. He is really bored by the whole business. Twice at least he has declared quite impatiently that it was a matter of utter indifference, and once he said he did "not care a peppercorn" whether he was re-elected or not. It was wholly natural, therefore, that he should resolve to continue to live as one apart and to do no thing that might seem to indicate a willingness to influence the judgment of his fellow-citizens. Prevented by his fine sense of fitness from forgetting for a moment "the larger matter of the President's dignity," as our adoring neighbor the *Times* put it, he announced his firm determination "to accept invitations to discuss public questions only from non-partisan organizations." Under no circumstances would he demean his great office by appearing like a mere campaigner upon rear platforms.

But the most laudable of resolves cannot withstand the effect of stupid management. As we write, Mr. Wilson is speeding West to make three academic discourses in Chicago before as many non-partisan societies hastily organized by Mr. Roger Sullivan and, as luck would have it, his special car is attached to an accommodation train scheduled to make thirty stops for back-platform appearances—all most annoy-

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ing, we are sure, but clearly the unavoidable consequence of inefficient management.

The fact is that Mr. Wilson has been seriously handicapped from the beginning of his Administration by the incompetence of his helpers. We recall most uncomfortably the widespread sympathy which welled up in his behalf when he confessed sadly to the Washington Press Club last May that he simply had " to deal with some men who know no more of the modern processes of politics than if they were living in the eighteenth century." They were " blind," he continued, " hopelessly blind; and the worst of it is I have to spend hours of my time talking to them when I know before I start as much as after I have finished that it is absolutely useless to talk to them. I am talking *in vacuo.*" There was some idle speculation at the time as to whom Mr. Wilson had in mind. Obviously, the field was restricted to leading Democratic statesmen, who incidentally hope to be retained for another four years, but few if any of the able Cabinet members were suspected, least of all Mr. Daniels, who still holds the " confidence and admiration " of his chief.

There was, of course, the volatile Vice-President, who frankly admits that his chief interest since 1913 has been centered in the health of the President and who wishes to continue in the direct line of succession, and this surmise is borne out in a way by his sharp response to Mr. Hughes respecting the sinking of the *Lusitania* in these words, as reported by the Kansas City *Gazette Globe:*

> Mr. Hughes was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court when the *Lusitania* was sunk. Why did not he, as Chief Justice, with his great, sweeping knowledge of international law, advise the President? That would have been the patriotic thing to do as long as he was a part of the Government.

That Mr. Wilson must, indeed, have felt that he was talking " *in vacuo* " when he conversed with a Vice-President whose knowledge of the functions of the Supreme Court was equaled only by his ignorance of the name of the Chief Justice we must confess a gloomy comprehension, but if further evidence be required it appeared in Mr. Marshall's final crushing rejoinder, apropos of what we do not pretend to surmise, that " I would not have eaten the apple in the Garden of Eden, either."

Of one fact, in any case, we feel indubitably certain—namely, that Mr. Wilson could not have referred to those

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most adroit of secret agents, the Hon. William Joel Stone and Mr. Norman Hapgood, to whom was entrusted by somebody the delicate task of corralling the German-American vote while their chief was sternly demanding the excision of the hyphen from the English language. For ante-professional reasons we scrupulously refrain from touching even lightly upon Mr. Hapgood's first startling disclosure that the Ridder boys were writing speeches for Mr. Hughes to deliver; let us rather present his own words and punctuation marks as carefully dictated by himself, after his story was denied, to wit:

> Carefully refrain from saying that I believed that Mr. Hughes would allow a German editor actually to write a speech for him comma close quotation. Start quotation I do not believe it comma but I did believe at the time dash September 16 dash and I believe now comma that it is—no, will be—no, was clear that there was—will be—no, was an understanding.
>
> Now you may say without quoting me that Mr. Hapgood said that the whole process of reasoning was simple to him. Better make that a paragraph by itself.

One need not read this gem of lyrically lucid expression more than six times to appreciate the aptness of Mr. Hapgood as an emulator of style. More we cannot say; we have a heart.

We could write a book about the Machiavellian performances of the Hon. William Joel Stone, but since the *World* and the *Times* did not regard his fervid appeal, in a Third Avenue beer garden between the hours of 8 p. m. and 3 a. m., as worthy of publication in full or in part, we would rest content with the following graphic account from the *Evening Sun:*

> "If Hughes should be elected President who would be Secretary of State?" A chilly air must have blown the nicotine vapor to the ceiling as he answered "Root" in reply to his own query. "Then"—Ossa upon Pelion—"who will be chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations? Undoubtedly Henry Cabot Lodge, . . . a stalwart American Tory of Brahman blood . . . who could not be more devoted to the cause of England in this European struggle if he were a member of the British House of Lords." The pleader's voice must have sunk to husky tones as he summed up the harrowing prospect:
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> Hughes, Roosevelt, Root, Lodge—a fine quartet for you to think about when you are asked to condemn Wilson on the ground that

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he is unfriendly to Germany. I might extend this statement so as to embrace others of almost equal prominence likely to surround Hughes if elected. But the list I have given is enough.

Before you German-Americans make up your minds to vote for Hughes and against Wilson would it not be well to stop and think? Ask yourselves whether you should act on impulse based on a passing resentment or whether you should pause to think just where you are going and where you might land.

That the possibility of Messrs. Hughes, Fairbanks, Root, and Lodge succeeding Messrs. Wilson, Marshall, Lansing, and Stone should dismay the Hon. William Joel we can recognize cheerfully in view of the sense of reconciliation which surely would possess the souls of others.

Postmaster General Burleson's particular job seems to have been to convert Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, editor of the subsidized *Fatherland*. He did not, however, seek Mr. Viereck; he "was asked by a mutual friend"—name not given—if he would see him and replied with the unvarying courtesy for which he is justly celebrated, "Certainly." So the meeting was arranged at Democratic headquarters. "There was no secrecy about it," continued Mr. Burleson, although to the best of our recollection no bulletin of the significant conference was issued to the press. Nothing came of the interview of sufficient importance for Mr. Burleson to recall. "I did not come as an emissary of the President," Mr. Burleson concluded with scrupulous, if not superfluous, caution; and yet, refusing for once to play the part of the goat, "the President did know about it either before or after the interview." Thus did the traditional chicken come perilously near home to roost—which possibly accounts for the fact that the editor of the *Fatherland* was the only one really captured, lending point, indeed, to the remark of the *World* on July 20 to the effect that "it is a relatively small matter whether Charles Evans Hughes or George Sylvester Viereck is the instrument by which [the Kaiser's] imperial revenge is wreaked." Nevertheless, while the Postmaster General undoubtedly earned the iron cross, we firmly insist that the skillful endeavors of Messrs. Stone and Hapgood should receive suitable commendation from the master of his craft.

Very early in the game—*i. e.*, in July—we implored our contemporaries to leave Abraham Lincoln out of the campaign, but, as we frankly anticipated, in vain. We can only

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groan, therefore, when we pick up our rural journals and find a campaign-plate picture of Mr. Wilson, gazing into space over a note to somebody held in his hands, while overhead the shade of Lincoln says consolingly in graven letters, "Patience, Mr. President, they criticized me, too." This, of course, was inevitable as a part of the canvass for sympathy, which began when Mr. Samuel G. Blythe was induced to perceive misty eyes from the rear through a quite solid head and ended with Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's heartrending idyll in *Collier's*. For ourselves, we do not find these time-honored aberrations objectionable, but neither do we resent earnest deprecation such as Brother Mark Sullivan visited upon his own contributor in these words:

> Why is it that Mr. Wilson is so often painted in somber colors by his admirers? Other Presidents took the office earnestly, but with at least a pretense of good humor. They were attacked vigorously, and their friends repelled the attacks with wholesome energy. But when Mr. Wilson is defended we are invariably invited to weep over him. With the tears rolling down their cheeks his eulogists direct our attention to "this strong sad soul," "this lonely figure bent double under the awful responsibilities of his office," "this weary man painfully treading the path of duty," "his face is pale and lined with care," "his eyes are heavy with sorrow for the suffering of mankind," yet he "is patient and serene." He doesn't resign or refuse renomination. All such eulogies invariably refer to Lincoln.
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> Yet Lincoln was cheerful and almost commonplace to those who saw him during the war, and as little expected, and as little got, compassion as a blacksmith for his hard task. He would have thought anyone mad who sobbed over him, and he probably would have resented with a good deal of vigor an allusion to the changes in his physical appearance brought about by increasing years and cares of office, compared with which Mr. Wilson's tasks are about as important as the chores of a farmhand. He went about his work manfully, made his jokes, and told his funny stories, offended Stanton by reading "Artemus Ward" or "Josh Billings" while the election returns were coming in, and talked as little about himself and his duties and obligations as any man who ever lived. But Mr. Wilson's admirers insist on martyrizing him while he is still alive. He is the only living martyr President. His anguish is almost unbearable.
>
> We expect momentarily to see one of the Washington correspondents wire to his office that "the martyr President, after a consultation with Roger Sullivan and Charles F. Murphy, presided over the Cabinet meeting. In the afternoon he played a round of

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golf with Dr. Grayson. In the evening the martyr President and Mrs. Wilson entertained a few friends at a musicale."

Mr. Baker learned with approval that Mr. Wilson's favorite poem is Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior." The President finds in it a comforting mirror of his own excellences. "Doomed to go in company with Pain and Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train! [He] turns his necessity to glorious gain. Is placable because occasions rise so often that demand such sacrifice. More pure as tempted more; more able to endure. As more exposed to suffering and distress, thence also more alive to tenderness."

The reader may recall the lines. We have no doubt that when the poet wrote them his vision penetrated 110 years. But if the President will look back a few pages in his Wordsworth he will find something on his "key word," "his interpretative chord" of "Duty." One of the stanzas runs:

> *To humbler functions, awful Power!*
> *I call thee: I myself commend*
> *Unto thy guidance from this hour;*
> OH, LET MY WEAKNESS HAVE AN END!

Granting, as we fear we must, full warrant for Mr. Sullivan's application of rugged common sense, we still feel that "the martyr act" would be comparatively inoffensive but for the fact that it leads straightway into the realm of halos. Out West they have clear perception of proportionate values if we may judge from the headline in the *Sioux City Journal* of October 3, "WILSON LIKE CHRIST—THE TWO GREATEST WORLD'S BURDEN BEARERS—VOTE FOR WOODROW AND ED, URGES DEMOCRATIC ORATOR," Ed being the candidate for Sheriff. Whether Mr. Wilson really had the gregarious and fun-loving Lincoln in mind when in Kentucky he touched feelingly upon what he termed the "holy isolation" of the great emancipator or was subconsciously portraying the studied aloofness of another, we would not venture to surmise; but when such a reference is followed by a contribution to campaign literature like that of Professor Stockton Axson, one can hardly be blamed for stopping to wonder whether the odor be that of sanctity or of sanctimony.

But, taken as a whole, the campaign has been quite creditable and fairly wholesome. Having already instanced the conclusion to which unprejudiced consideration of the living issues points irresistibly, we have only to repeat, what we said at the beginning, that all resolves to a question of

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character; whether as our President a Hamilton is to be preferred to a Burr, a Cleveland to a Blaine, or a sturdy faithful and true scion of fine old American stock to "a dreffle smart man."

HUGHES or WILSON? That's all!

A LETTER TO THE TIMES

To the Editor of the NEW YORK TIMES:

I address this communication to you at the instance of my neighbor, Mr. John O'Hop, who was born in Galicia, came to this country a few years ago, is engaged chiefly in raising potatoes, chickens, and future citizens and will cast his first freeman's ballot at the forthcoming election. My warrant for encroaching upon your valuable time is to be found in the circumstance that, when Mr. O'Hop sought my advice as to how he might best equip himself for correct performance of the duties of citizenship, I recommended to him diligent perusal of the columns of your great journal, which, I ventured to assure him, had become an American institution of the first magnitude, whose enlightenment and guidance of a fallow mind he could safely regard as eminently trustworthy and advantageous. You will rejoice, I am confident, to learn that Mr. O'Hop received my suggestion gratefully and heeded it with that particularity which so often characterizes the striving of a somewhat primitive intellect. From time to time, I may add, as we met at the rail fence which marks the boundary line of our respective landed possessions, I have been deeply gratified by the evidences of Mr. O'Hop's constantly increasing understanding of our variegated political problems.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when yesterday evening he informed me that, despite his faithful study of your lucid expositions of the living issues, he found the existing situation quite incomprehensible. I should not say that his faith in your infallibility, which he considered I had guaranteed in effect, was shaken; he was simply perplexed and distressed by his inability to reach a conclusion with respect to his specific duty as a conscientious citizen at the polls on November 7th.

Should he vote for Mr. Hughes or for Mr. Wilson? That was the concrete question whose pondering was depriving him of much needed sleep. Did I think so great

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an institution as his revered *Times* would deign to inform so humble a person? You should have seen his face light up when I confidently assured him that he need have no doubt whatever upon that score. He grasped both of my hands and I fear, but for the fence, would have embraced me. One slight difficulty arose from Mr. O'Hop's distrust of his proficiency in spelling, but this was resolved after a fashion by my volunteering to act as his amanuensis,—a task which I assumed gladly in my zest to hear what he had to say. So it transpired that, after we had finished our eight hours' work, leaving the patient cows to wait sixteen hours for another milking, Mr. O'Hop came over to the house with an armful of your papers and discoursed at such length that I am able only to present as succinctly as may be the substance of his remarks.

It seemed that Mr. O'Hop had inferred from something you had said that you thought he should vote for Mr. Wilson, and it was upon that assumption that he proceeded to consider the issues involved and your elucidation thereof. He recalled at the outset the President's statement of a general purpose to serve mankind, uttered with impressive fittingness at his birthplace on his birthday just before his inauguration, to this effect:

"All the world is turning now, as never before, to this conception of the elevation of humanity, not of the preferred few, not of those who can by superior wits or unusual opportunity struggle to the top, no matter whom they trample under foot, but of men who cannot struggle to the top and who must, therefore, be looked to by the forces of society, for they have no single force by which they can serve themselves."

This conception, you will remember, you found to be "a very old one which many men in many ages have striven to realize and toward which the evolution of the race, with some inevitable reaction, has tended." What interested you most therefore was his notion as to how to apply the conception, to wit:

"The one thing that the business men of the United States are now discovering, some of them for themselves, and some of them by suggestion, is that they are not going to be allowed to make any money except for a quid pro quo, that they must render a service or get nothing, and that in the regulation of business the Government, that is to say,

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the moral judgment of the majority, must determine whether what they are doing is a service or not a service, and that everything in business and politics is going to be reduced to this standard. 'Are you giving anything to society when you want to take something out of society?' is the question to put to them."

To this you said: "Here is implied a view of the function of Government, and especially of the Government of the United States, to which the public mind is not accustomed and which opens up infinite possibilities in many directions. We do not ourselves find explicit warrant for it in the Constitution which the people have set up as a standard of conduct for their elected representatives, legislative or executive. Mr. Wilson seems to think that it is a view 'which the fine men who set up the Government of the United States had in the beginning,' but it is hardly one that can be found in the writings of Thomas Jefferson, to whom the President-elect paid the most glowing tribute. Indeed, in the form chosen by Mr. Wilson to present it, the view is one that might well make Mr. Jefferson, were he living, first gasp and then rage. The convinced individualist who believed that the Nation was best governed which was governed least would look with dismay on the notion that the Government could say on what terms men are to 'be allowed to make money.'

"Looking forward to the duties that await Mr. Wilson, the plain, old-fashioned, needful things he will be called on to do, and reflecting on the obstacles he will have to overcome to do them reasonably well, we are inclined to think that the realization of the 'vision splendid' by which at present he 'moves attended' may wisely be—and probably will have to be—for a considerable time postponed."

Mr. O'Hop was deeply impressed at the time by what he regarded as your sound, common sense. Now, looking backward, he wonders whether you would consider that the President was right and you were wrong, and, if so, why the "unshackling" of business which Mr. Wilson then guaranteed should again be advanced as a continuing reason for his re-election. "What," you asked, "would Jefferson think of his chances of success were he forced to select agents for the general regulation of all business on the basis of the Golden Rule?" And now the question is, What is the measure of Mr. Wilson's success achieved by such agents

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as Mr. Bryan, Mr. Daniels, and Mr. Lind, notably in Mexico where, according to Secretary Baker, the only policy has been the very Golden Rule to which you referred? You answered this in a leading editorial on June 21, when you said of Secretary Lansing's note:

"The note reviews the deplorable conditions that have existed in Mexico in the last three years, and dwells in detail upon the many outrages committed and the wanton destruction of American life and property. It enumerates the murderous raids made upon our garrisons and border towns within nine months, and recounts the negotiations of our Government, ever patient and still hopeful that Carranza would keep his promises and restore order, with the de facto Government looking to the suppression of the unattached bandits to whom the raids were attributed. It shows that, in spite of the assurances given by Mr. Arredondo, only one Mexican personally connected with the massacre of eighteen Americans at Santa Ysobel last January has been brought to justice by the Mexican authorities. While Villa openly and defiantly conducted his operations in the North and proclaimed his intent to destroy American life and property, he was never intercepted and his movements were not impeded by troops of the de facto Government. Yet the Mexican authorities were fully and confessedly cognizant of his movements. The Columbus raid capped the climax. . . .

"The Secretary has been reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Carranza did not and does not intend or desire that the outlaws shall be dispersed by American troops or at the request of our Government by Mexican troops.

"The note leaves nothing unsaid. It answers Carranza completely, and states our position in regard to Mexico in unmistakable terms. We do not want war, we are still hopeful that war may be avoided, but our national rights must be maintained."

Have our national rights been maintained? Did Carranza recognize them when he ordered the massacre of our soldiers? And have conditions improved? On September 23, eight full months after you approved the Administration's stern pronouncement, you said frankly:

"The fact that Villa is armed and abroad and has a band of murderous followers is sufficient evidence of the utter failure of Carranza and his troops to restore order in

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Northern Mexico. The outlook is as bad as ever. General Pershing may have to begin his task anew, and, with that prospect in sight, who can fail to remember Parral and Carrizal? "

So it is now as at the beginning,—only worse, with absolutely nothing gained from the sacrifice of the lives of our soldiers. And yet you say, on October 3, that " Mr. Wilson's stand is now and always has been perfectly understandable and has been approved throughout the country except by the outspoken interventionists." Not being an " interventionist " himself and not knowing anybody who is, Mr. O'Hop was puzzled to know whether this extraordinary assertion should be accepted as a statement of fact, and he seemed relieved when I suggested that, in the circumstances, it might be well to regard it as a mere campaign opinion. He is a simple soul and loyal to a degree,—only bewildered, as I remarked at the beginning.

Passing from the Mexican imbroglio to a subject in which he feels deeper personal concern, Mr. O'Hop dwelt at some length upon the recently enacted labor legislation. He had read the President's reference to it, in his message to Congress, as an " eight-hour " law and his later declaration that it had been passed, conformably to a decree of society, not because it was essential to the prevention of a strike, but because it was right. Whereupon he unfolded his copies of the *Times* and read as follows:

June 17.—" There is nothing about the eight-hour day that is beyond arbitration."

August 21.—" The eight-hour day should be achieved by economic means, not by the boycott or statute or strike."

August 22.—" It has been made as plain as daylight that men are not agitating for eight hours of work and no more. Their real purpose is to secure higher pay."

September 1.—" A National Humiliation.—The strike is over before it had begun. The project of law compelling the railroads to increase the wages of their employes who are members of the brotherhoods, falsely called the eight-hour bill, will be at once enacted by Congress. The chiefs of the brotherhoods will then revoke the strike order. It is altogether probable that they would revoke it anyway, or at least postpone its beginning. They have had time to measure the magnitude of the crime they were about to commit and the depth of public indignation it would arouse,

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and to weigh the consequences to themselves and the brotherhoods. . . .

"But what will the President do to make good his declaration in the letter to Colonel Pope, that 'this situation must never be allowed to arise again'? What will Congress do to empower him to prevent its recurrence? Apparently, while Congress is to enact the demands of the brotherhoods, it closes its ears and its mind to the demands of 'society,' the word which the President employed in his quite mistaken statement that society, meaning the public, favors the adoption of the eight-hour principle. . . .

"What will the President do, we ask again, and what will Congress do? The greater evil, the greater menace of 'society,' is this act of extorting legislation by threats. To put up with it would be a disaster to the nation incomparably greater than any the strike could inflict. . . .

"Unjust laws may be put upon the statute books through the agitation of factions or groups strong enough to make their political influence felt. But there is no other instance where a Congress of the United States has been forced to make laws under threat of a small part of the people to do immeasurable and irreparable injury to the others. If such an outrage can be put upon us unresisted we have lost our republican form of government. . . .

"It is the general opinion that the President erred grievously in not insisting, with equal firmness, that they consent to arbitration. Instead he appears to have yielded to their demand at once and then to have employed his time in seeking to compel the railroads to yield. An increase in wages is eminently a fit matter for arbitration, certainly for deliberate examination and inquiry, to the end that justice shall be done. That the President should have insisted on. The railroad Presidents proposed arbitration, were willing to arbitrate, the brotherhoods refused. That is the net situation and the public understands it perfectly."

September 2.—"What lynch law is to orderly judicial process the method adopted by the brotherhoods, and we have very great regret in saying with quite too much assistance from the President, is to the constitutional method of lawmaking. With one voice and unsparingly the people must and do denounce the means by which this legislation was forced upon Congress."

September 16.—"As was foreseen, the railway brother-

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hoods are appealing to the voters to support Congressmen friendly to the eight-hour law. The goods were delivered when the law was passed."

October 1.—" The President says that he supported the trainmen's eight-hour law because it was ' right '; that ' the judgment of society, the vote of every Legislature in America that has voted upon it, is a verdict in favor of the eight-hour day.'

" The President did not say that any Legislature was ever elected on the eight-hour issue, but it is known that several electorates have rejected the eight-hour day. The votes of the electorates which have rejected that proposal are more truly indicative of what society thinks about it than the action of Legislatures. Votes are cast by those who must pay for the eight-hour day. Legislatures have no financial responsibility for their enactments. They simply establish the eight-hour day at the cost of others, whether taxpayers in the case of public employment or investors in public utilities. No case is known where any Legislature imposed a ten-hour wage and an eight-hour day upon any private employer. Until such a case has happened and worked well, the claim of social sanction is premature.

" Although the President asserts his belief that the trainmen's law is ' right,' he discounts his own convictions by support of an inquiry into the subject. A thing that is right, that has social sanction, should be done regardless of economic consequences. They can be taken care of afterward. If society orders the eight-hour day, it is right also that society should bear the burden, and not coerce payment by employers any more than it coerces work from wage earners."

The difficulty experienced by Mr. O'Hop in reconciling your advocacy of Mr. Wilson's re-election with your opinion of his conduct was enhanced, oddly enough, by reference to your issue of June 25, 1913, when, speaking of the " rider " to the Appropriation bill, the precursor of the legislation which you now condemn, you said:

" Physical weakness is pitiable, but such moral weakness as the President exhibits in signing the Sundry Civil bill ' rider ' arouses other feelings than those of compassion. Mr. Wilson's explanation—it is not an excuse—is a better one than we thought he could make. But that only heightens the discredit. There is a natural distrust of a

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man who can command so adroit a pen for the defense of so bad an act.

"President Wilson weakly submits. He insists that the law shall be unequally enforced, he permits Congress to control his will and his act. . . . If the enactment of the 'rider' was a public crime he is an accomplice. Yet he assures the country that he will evade this new law which constrains him to the evasion of an old law. Seeking palliation he thus blunders into a double offending.

"President Taft denounced this legislation as vicious and vetoed it. With what stern condemnation Grover Cleveland would have resented such an invasion of his prerogative! President Wilson takes himself out of the company of these honorable men.

"When during the campaign Mr. Wilson publicly accepted and preached doctrines condemned in his early teaching it was hard to maintain belief in his sincerity. By signing this vicious bill he has made it still harder."

Mr. O'Hop was disturbed when he read this sharp comment three years ago. His old-world experience had taught him the propriety of recognizing good faith at least on the part of the rulers. What he would like to know now particularly is whether President Wilson's action with respect to the Adamson bill has made it any easier for you to believe in his sincerity.

Other issues upon which, according to Mr. O'Hop's modest understanding, Mr. Wilson seeks re-election are as follows:

Civil service reform. Having been convinced by your persistent championship of the excellence of the merit system, Mr. O'Hop was disturbed to hear that the present Administration is the first in many years which has failed to extend it; also to learn from the *Times* of August 10 that the President himself, formerly vice-president of the League, officially approved the Post-office Department's policy of secrecy respecting appointments regardless of his own insistence upon pitiless publicity; also to read that Vice-President Marshall, sneering at "snivel service reform," regretted only that the Administration had been unable under the law to "pry out" more of the merit appointees; while the record of Mr. Hughes in this respect was without blemish.

The Shipping Bill. The impracticability of building up

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a mercantile marine by injecting the government as a competitor of private concerns was established so conclusively by your lucid arguments that Mr. O'Hop earnestly hoped that your determined opposition to the McAdoo proposal might prevail. Naturally he was disappointed to read in your issue of August 22 that, although the case against the bill had "grown stronger" in consequence of events, the President still possessed sufficient power to jam it through a "listless" and unwilling Senate. In common with yourself, he could not but regard the appropriation of $50,000,000 for this purpose as "worse than useless." His plain common sense also impelled indorsement of your convincing demonstration of the futility of the Seaman's act and of your judgment, expressed on September 9, that the highly-lauded Rural Credits law is "of doubtful benefit," that the Good Roads bill "distributes Federal largess in an inequitable manner" and that the Child Labor law "invites condemnation because it stamps innocent commodities with a fictitious guilt in order that Congress may by indirection exercise a power over State affairs withheld from it by the Constitution."

Income tax. If evidence be required of Mr. O'Hop's appreciation of free government it appears in his honest resentment at being deprived of the privilege of paying his fair proportion of taxes. Your reasoning on this point he had found conclusive and he fully concurred in your opinion of September 9 that "the fundamental mistake of the emergency revenue law is that it largely increases the burden upon the one-half of 1 per cent. of the people who pay the tax, while refusing what justice and equity demanded, the lowering of the exemption limit."

Extravagance. Needless to remark, a thrifty and prudent farmer was shocked beyond measure by your exposure in detail on June 21 of the wasteful appropriations made by a Democratic Congress, with the approval of a Democratic President for costly public buildings in tiny villages. That he approved your stern denunciation of such practice you may be assured.

Preparedness. Mr. O'Hop had rejoiced to observe that in one particular, that relating to Preparedness, you had seen your way clear quite recently to accord full credit to the Administration. He had been fearful that even here you might find small occasion for commendation since, as

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he recalled, on May 2, you had remarked the Democratic party's need of "the whip and spur to overcome its sluggish inertia" and had applauded the "great and needed work" of Mr. Roosevelt in "arousing the nation to the firm resolve to put itself beyond the hazard of disaster and humiliation." Mr. O'Hop's sole regret sprang from the impairment in effect of Mr. Roosevelt's inspiring work through inefficient administration, as exampled by your reference on April 4 of Mr. Daniels "clinging obstinately to his idea that 15,000 men will be enough for present needs," by your disgusted conclusion on September 20 that "the military law enacted this year leaves much to be desired" and by your sharp comment on September 26 to the effect that the spoils-jobbing armor-plate plant would "probably turn out to be a costly white elephant" and was "condemned by all well-informed persons from the beginning."

American honor. Although just become a citizen, Mr. O'Hop is proud of his adopted country and jealous of its place among nations. Nothing had been more gratifying than the strongly American position which you took on April 4, denouncing impotent "waiting" with respect to the *Lusitania* outrage, and demanding prompt reparation in connection with the sinking of the *Sussex*. They were good words, as you will recall, namely:

"Whatever may be the attitude of the Government at Washington, the American people find an increasing difficulty in crediting Berlin with good faith, and Berlin has itself to blame for that unfortunate condition. We remember the German reliance upon false affidavits about the *Lusitania*. We remember the *Persia* and the *Arabic*. But we remember, too, the official pledge and promise that vessels like the *Sussex* would not be attacked. Our willingness to believe has endured shock after shock until it is ready to give way. It would not be too much to say that it has given way. An assurance from Berlin of the nature we have indicated, that the *Sussex* could not have been attacked by a German boat without flagrant disobedience of orders, would have had a reviving effect. It was not forthcoming. We are waiting, as we have waited in the case of the *Lusitania* for many months."

And we are still waiting, as you remarked only the other day—October 9, to be exact—when again you recalled "the black crime of the *Lusitania*" and added somewhat plain-

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tively, "The murder of the hundred Americans who went down has never been atoned for." You concluded with these words:

"We have given our last warning. The time for forbearance has passed. The people know that they can trust President Wilson to safeguard the rights and the interests of the country prudently and wisely but firmly."

Mr. O'Hop was grateful for this reassurance. But he wondered. Was this particular warning the "last" or only the "latest"? While readily trusting President Wilson to safeguard American rights "prudently and wisely but surely," he would deeply appreciate an authoritative response to this specific inquiry.

Trade expansion. Mr. O'Hop had been duly impressed by the President's expressed purpose to "open the markets of the world" to our struggling producers, but was quite unable to perceive how American manufacturers could be induced to enter foreign fields in the face of the definite refusal of their Government to safeguard their properties or even their lives. Unfortunately he had mislaid the paper containing your comment upon the undoing by the Administration in its early days of all that Secretary Hay had done in the Far East, but the concrete effect of its policy he found stated in your issue of September 30, in these words:

"In 1907 China bought from other countries $343,000,000, in 1913 $427,400,000 worth of goods. Meanwhile, Great Britain's part in that trade grew from sixty to seventy millions, Germany's from twelve to twenty millions, Japan's from a little less than forty-five to eighty-six odd millions. The exports of the United States to China dropped from $29,400,000 to $25,700,000. Then came the war, the great American opportunity to recover trade with China. American sales there, the foreign department of the National City Bank tells us, were $26,346,000 in 1914, $17,540,000 in 1915, in 1916 $26,358,000, $3,000,000 less than in 1907."

To this you remarked, with seeming lack of reverence, if not a tinge of sarcasm, "What of it? Let the exports sag. So long as the sacred Door is open, who cares how little Yankee stuff passes in? The Door is open. The United States can snore again in peace."

Presidential primaries. Whether or not President Wilson has abandoned his scheme of Presidential primaries or

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is only biding his time to press it again upon Congress Mr. O'Hop had not been informed, but he recalled with satisfaction your determined opposition on December 9, 1913, and noted with interest your flat pronouncement on May 2 that "the primary is a fraud."

Prosperity. Whether in your heart you believe that prevailing prosperity is attributable, as claimed by Mr. Wilson, to the beneficent legislation enacted by the Democratic party at his instigation instead of to the war, Mr. O'Hop was not so presumptive as to surmise. He recalled, however, that as long ago as January 10, 1915, you uttered the following warning:

"There is one idea about which President Wilson will do well to take serious thought, for it has become well rooted in this republic, and which strikes its roots deeper as the opportunity is given for a careful study of the composition, the capacity and the aims of the Democratic party. It is the idea, the belief, that on the whole the people of this country are better off, more prosperous, and have less cause for anxiety under a Republican than under a Democratic administration."

Oddly enough, the fact upon which this corollary might have been based appeared at a much later date, namely, on September 9 last, when you said:

"Like its predecessor, the Sixty-fourth Congress is not conspicuous for ability and statesmanship. The Democratic party was so long out of power, so long under the shadow of Bryanism, that large numbers of its best men, there is reason to fear, have definitely taken themselves out of politics. If the party would keep its hold upon power in the nation, if it would continue to deserve and retain the confidence of the people, it must raise the quality of its Representatives in Congress."

This gave rise to two queries in Mr. O'Hop's practical mind: First, are there any indications of such an improvement in the quality of a Democratic Congress as you consider essential? and, secondly, what reason is there to suppose that prosperous conditions would not be as likely to continue under Republican, as under Democratic, control? Your opinion on these two points he would value highly as affording him guidance in casting his first ballot.

The tariff. Having been fully convinced by your repeated disquisitions of the preferability of a tariff for

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revenue only, the one point relating thereto upon which Mr. O'Hop would appreciate enlightenment is whether Senator Underwood's assertion that the Democratic party abandoned the principle when it created a tariff commission and enacted duties avowedly for the sake of protection should be accepted as a fact.

Summarizing his observations, my perplexed neighbor found that, while generally approving, though at times specifically disapproving, the President's conduct of foreign affairs, your judgment is at utter variance with Mr. Wilson's either in policy or in practice, upon the following issues: Labor legislation; civil service reform; appointments; mercantile marine; seaman's act; federal road building; rural credits; federal regulation of child labor; income tax; wasteful appropriations; effective preparedness; trade expansion; the open door; primaries; continuance of prosperity; and finally and perhaps most vitally of all, as to the competency of the Democratic party.

In a word, then, the question to which Mr. O'Hop, a first voter, would greatly appreciate an answer from you, his guide, his philosopher and friend, is this: Shall he vote for your principles or for your candidate?

Trusting that you will perceive, in the responsibility which I assumed to Mr. O'Hop in making my original recommendation, adequate excuse for the length of this communication, I remain, as ever,

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE HARVEY.

DEAL, N. J., October 14, 1916.

ELECTION EVE

Now, vote!

The exhortation is familiar. It has been repeated innumerable times at the close of every national campaign, and so it will be in the closing hours of this one. To deprive a man of the right to vote is one of the severe penalties imposed upon convicted felons; yet thousands voluntarily incur the same disability. Hence the need of the exhortation, Vote!

Before that, however, there is something else. There is another exhortation no less important; from some points of view even more important; which should always precede the

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call to the polls, and be pressed home with equal earnestness:

Now, think!

It is always eminently desirable for citizens to give careful thought to the issues and the candidates before they vote. Even if the candidates are the best two men in all the land, there is some difference and some choice between them, if not in intrinsic merit at least in fitness for the office. Even in the most placid and uneventful year, there is some issue worthy of consideration. Generally, and happily, the issues are altogether domestic. In one sense they should always be altogether domestic. Alien considerations have no place in American politics.

On some rare occasions, however, not the affairs of foreign lands but the foreign policies of our own Government become a legitimate issue of a campaign.

Such is the issue of this campaign, in a degree unsurpassed in all our history. We pointed out this circumstance last month, and indicated the present need of standing for America before and above any personality or any party. We indicated, too, the reasons why it was necessary, for the welfare of the nation, that Mr. Wilson should not be returned to the place where in this supremely essential respect he has been weighed and found wanting, and that he should be replaced by a man capable of regaining for America the confidence, the respect and the friendship of the world.

It was not surprising but it was highly significant that at that very time a striking confirmation of our estimate was in preparation, and that before our pages had reached and had been read by our most remote subscribers, there came another object lesson to the same effect, an exposition of Mr. Wilson's ineptitude which must have stricken with dismay and despair his staunchest supporters.

Let us review the circumstances.

A military submarine, in fighting trim, entered an American port, was welcomed and hospitably entertained, and then departed. A little later the same vessel, presumably, or another like it, in the coast waters just outside our three-mile line attacked and destroyed a number of merchant ships, including two belonging to neutral Powers, and at least one carrying a number of American citizens. Some of the belligerent Powers at once requested our Government

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that it should follow the example of the neutral Powers of Europe in forbidding further entry of submarines into our ports. The reply to this was a refusal, on the ground that there was no reason for discriminating against that class of vessels.

Now let us recall some antecedent facts.

About a year and a half before the practice of attacking and destroying merchant ships with submarines was begun, and concerning one notable incident in that warfare, the destruction of the *Lusitania,* Mr. Wilson on May 13, 1915, wrote in a diplomatic note:

> The lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman. . . . They cannot sink her without leaving her crew and all on board of her to the mercy of the sea in her small boats. . . . Submarines cannot be used against merchantmen without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity.

Nearly a year later, in connection with the destruction of the *Sussex,* on April 16, 1916, he again wrote:

> It has become painfully evident that the use of submarines for the destruction of an enemy's commerce is of necessity, because of the very character of the vessels employed and the very methods of attack which their employment of course involves, utterly incompatible with the principles of humanity, the long-established and incontrovertible rights of neutrals and the sacred immunities of non-combatants.

Note that he did not speak of the "abuse" of submarines, but of their "use." It was intrinsically impossible for them to be used as commerce-destroyers without the intolerable offense which he so well described. Therefore he very properly declared that unless the use of submarines against merchant ships was at once abandoned, this country would have no choice but to sever relations with the offending Power.

Note now the sequel. On October 8 a submarine belonging to the same Power that had formerly so grossly offended and to which those notes had been addressed, attacked and destroyed off our coast a number of unarmed merchant vessels in the identical manner against which Mr. Wilson had so vigorously protested and which he had so scathingly denounced. A submarine was used against merchantmen in violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity.

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The action of that submarine off Nantucket was utterly incompatible with "the principles of humanity," "the long-established and incontrovertible rights" of the United States, and "the sacred immunities of American citizens."

Such, *mutatis mutandis*, was Mr. Wilson's accurate and convincing characterization of that episode. Yet when he was asked to exclude from the hospitality of our ports the vessels which "of necessity" did such unlawful, inhuman and unfriendly deeds, what was his reply?

> In the opinion of the Government of the United States, the Allied Powers have not set forth any circumstances, nor is the Government of the United States at present aware of any circumstances, concerning the use of war or merchant submarines which would render the existing rules of international law inapplicable to them.

Note that he had previously declared in the most deliberate and explicit way that the use of submarines against merchant vessels was necessarily unlawful. It was impossible to use a submarine against merchantmen without violating many sacred principles of humanity and justice. Yet in the face of that he declared that he knew of no circumstances in the use of submarines which made them exceptions to international law! There was no reason for discriminating between vessels which obeyed the law and were amenable to the principles of humanity, and those which broke the law and violated those principles.

It would be superfluous to enlarge further upon the matter, or to discuss the question whether the utterances of May, 1915, and April, 1916, or of October, 1916, were correct. The monstrous discrepancy between them is obvious without demonstration; and it is sufficient. A statesman, however flawless his integrity, however pure his motives, however profound his erudition, however impassioned his patriotism, who so radically contradicts himself cannot be regarded as a safe guide, and one whose policy in the gravest of international affairs is so fickle and uncertain cannot command for himself, for his Government, or for the nation, that confidence and respect of foreign Powers which are essential to the honor of the nation and are indispensable to its comity with other Powers and to its efficient service to humanity throughout the world.

So, think!

"Think on these things!"

Think; and then vote; for CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

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AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

Lord Bryce has recently reminded us of the greatest problem in the world, and of America's relation to it.

That problem is, *How humanity is to protect itself against a recurrence of this war, or the occurrence of another like it.* That is the problem which directly concerns every nation in the world, over and above every other issue of the war; and upon the successful solution of which the welfare of humanity depends to a paramount degree. In seeking a solution of it we are not adopting a "peace at any price" pacifism, nor hinting at immediate and universal disarmament. We realize that man is naturally a fighting animal. As "the child is father of the man," so the man is father of the state. A nation composed of men individually inclined toward fighting will be a fighting nation. We do not look for a transformation of human nature. Men have quarreled and fought in all ages of the world, and so in all ages there have been wars. But while we may not prevent two men from fighting each other occasionally, we do expect to keep all members of the community from joining in a general mêlée; and we hold the two men who do fight amenable to the law for their acts. So we may not avoid the occurrence, now and then, of a war between two states, for the settlement of some controversy which diplomacy, mediation, adjudication and arbitration have all been unable to compose; but we may expect to hold such belligerents amenable to the laws of nations in their conduct of the strife. That is a very different thing from having all nations, or a great number of them, plunge into a general embroilment, in which treaties and international law are swept aside and civilization is resolved into chaos. Against such a catastrophe as this, it ought to be, it must be, possible for the world to find some measure of secure protection, just as the

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state or the community protects itself against universal riot. To do that is one of the primary and paramount duties of a municipality or a state. It is one of its very reasons for existence. To fail to do it is to abrogate its title to sovereignty. To do the same is no less the paramount duty of the world.

The consummate crisis which the closing of this war portends calls for the best counsels of all the nations, and chiefly the greatest of neutrals. It is too mighty a question for the belligerents alone to deal with. Upon that the neutrals should insist, if there were need of it. But there will not be need. The belligerents themselves, or the chief of them, will insist upon it. Let us realize that any premature meddling in behalf of peace, however well-meant, would be rejected and resented; as it should be. The nations which are fighting are bent upon fighting the quarrel out, to their own satisfaction.

But when the time comes for making peace, and especially for the one supreme settlement, they will not only admit, they will not only welcome, but they will earnestly request, they will imperatively demand, the co-operation of the neutral Powers. Lord Bryce makes that unmistakably clear. There is no voice more authoritative, and there is none to which Americans would more gladly listen, than that of the author of *The American Commonwealth*. Let us recall his words:

> If there is to be a recurrence of wars, becoming more terrible with the unceasing advance of science, we may well despair of the future. . . To establish any machinery for preserving peace would be impossible without the co-operation of the neutral states, and especially the greatest of all the neutral states. We have been waiting and watching to see whether America would, in view of the immense interests at stake, abandon her old policy of complete isolation and bear her part in the efforts for procuring a permanent alliance for peace.

The purport of that is unmistakable. It is expressed with all of Lord Bryce's clarity of thought and directness of speech. Substantially, its meaning is this: "Great wars must be stopped or the world is lost. They can be stopped only with the aid of America. Now, what is America going to do about it?"

America, in this view of the case, is the "last hope of the world." We should hesitate to estimate how often it has

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been called that, in a political sense. For more than a century men have been so regarding it, as an example in popular government, and as an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. Now it is to be called upon to play that role in an irenic sense. Having been—more or less—the "last hope" of freedom, it is hailed as the last hope of peace. Why? Note Lord Bryce's characterization: "The greatest of all neutral states." But there is another neutral state, three times as great—in population—as we. Why is China ignored? Why is not that immense neutral and most pacific state looked to as the "last hope"? Why is China a negligible cipher in the solution of the greatest problem in the world? For reasons which it will be uncommonly profitable for America to consider at this time.

China is negligible in the world's greatest crisis because she has been given to watchful waiting and nothing more; because, while wishing to hold other nations to strict accountability for their dealings with her, she has ever been unprepared for defense, if not indeed too proud to fight; because the spirit of Josephus Daniels has prevailed in her navy and in her army: in a word, because of pacifism. That fact not merely suggests but unerringly indicates the indispensable qualifications which alone can make this country measure up to the standard which Lord Bryce has set for us, as the irenic savior of the world. We must get rid of the shallow sophistry that American ideals thrive only in pacifism. We need to show that a democracy which was founded by strong men, not one of whom was too proud to fight, can be maintained on its original basis by strong men, who can make their words mean what they say. On a pacifist basis, America would be as negligible as China. On a basis of rational preparedness, of "America first and America efficient," we should be a force making for peace and righteousness which no Power nor combination of Powers would venture to defy.

It would be a noble thing to respond to the call of the nations which Lord Bryce has voiced, and to establish in the world a *Pax Americana* by giving our co-operation in the establishment of a league for peace. But to do so we must measure up to the standard, and we must be represented by a chief of state who measures up to the standard and who is so recognized by the world. We could not hope to do so with Mr. Wilson as our President. It may be, as the

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Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW justly observed last month, no disparagement of him to say that he has no friends abroad. We do not choose our Presidents to please other nations. Mr. Cleveland was probably not liked in Great Britain when he ordered hands off in Venezuela; but his mandate was respected, and he kept us out of war. Mr. Roosevelt probably had no friends in the Wilhelmstrasse when he told the Kaiser that a German fleet arriving in the Caribbean would find our "far-flung battle line" awaiting it; but his warning was respected, and he kept us out of war. It is perhaps a negligible thing that an American President is not liked abroad. It is decidedly not a negligible thing that he is not feared nor trusted nor respected. To be thus regarded rules him hopelessly out of the serious councils of the nations; and the nation bearing him as an incubus could not hope to be a potent factor in solving the world's greatest problem.

The prime essential, then, for this country, if it is to play its part in the transcendent world-issues of the next few years, is worthy leadership. It is not enough that the mind and heart and will of the people be right; as they are and always are. The people do not sit, in mass, in international conferences nor write notes to the other Powers. They must have a spokesman, who will represent them and interpret their will, both personally and through suitable ambassadors. He must be a man of candor, of courage, and of consistency, who can both conceive and execute a definite policy, in the interest not of himself nor of his party but of the whole nation. He must be a man who commands the trust and the respect of his own country and also of the other nations of the world; who does not mistake petulance for power or hesitance for prudence; who both intellectually and morally will have among the rulers and statesmen of the world some recognizable measure of that preëminence which we claim for America among the nations.

In these circumstances it is most auspicious that America is able to present to the world a man who, judged by every known and available rule, gives ample promise of measuring up to the necessary standard. Nobody in his senses, either at home or abroad, ever questioned the candor, the courage, or the consistency, of Charles Evans Hughes. Nobody ever doubted that he knew exactly what he meant, or that he meant exactly what he said. Nobody ever had cause to doubt

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that he would fulfil his word, to the final letter. In the councils of the nations his personality would stand at par. Having worn the ermine for years unspotted, and having at the call of the people laid it down unspotted in order that he might perform the other duties which they required of him, he would retain in administration and in diplomacy the integrity and the judgment of the highest seat of justice. With such a man America might well respond to the call of the world for help, and might successfully assume the moral hegemony of the human race in this great crisis.

Lord Bryce says that Britons "have been waiting and watching to see whether America would, in view of the immense interests at stake, abandon her old policy of complete isolation and bear her part in the efforts for procuring a permanent alliance for peace." Now I shall not hesitate to say that if the question were what Lord Bryce conceives it to be, it should be answered in the affirmative. The interests at stake, "for all we have and are," are so immense: the issues, for ourselves as well as for all the rest of the world, are so tremendous: that if our policy had been one of "complete isolation," as Lord Bryce implies, we should abandon it without a moment's demur, with emotions resembling those of John Adams when he signed the peace treaty of 1783 in defiance of the instructions of Congress: "It is glory," he exclaimed, "to have broken such infamous orders!"

But the implication in Lord Bryce's question is erroneous. In responding to the call of the nations we shall not be abandoning our "old policy of complete isolation," for the reason that we never have had any such policy. There are always those who are "more royal than the King." There are those who, catching upon a part of Washington's meaning in his Farewell Address, would enforce a partial conception of his policy to an extent which he never contemplated and which he doubtless would now be the last to approve. It would be preposterous, and it would be offensive and derogatory to his fame, to insist that he meant that the prudent rules which he prescribed for three or four million weak, struggling colonists on the Atlantic littoral should be perpetually binding and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, hard and fast forever, upon one of the largest, richest and most powerful nations in the world, with a domain continental in extent and with possessions and inter-

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ests encircling the earth. He meant no such folly, any more than he meant that the United States should forever be confined to the original Thirteen. He made it clear that his policy of partial—by no means complete—isolation was intended for the country *in the circumstances and conditions of that time,* leaving the future in the lap of the gods.

The founders of this Republic had no thought of making it a "hermit nation," after the fashion of Korea or Tibet. They had vision. They anticipated its growth, and the growth of international relationships which we could not avoid if we would, and would not if we could. They meant this to be a world Power, concerned in the common welfare of mankind. "Free and independent states," wrote Jefferson in the Declaration, which "have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do": in that there was no hint that we were to be forever a dwarf nation, a cripple nation, a perpetual minor among the peoples of the earth. There was no self-imposition of fetters. We were a nation, fully fledged, the peer of any other nation in all the attributes of sovereignty; and we were to adapt to ourselves collectively the profession of Terentius: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

Participation in the world's affairs, and not "complete isolation," has been our consistent policy, from the beginning—in war and peace. We began our national existence in alliance with a European Power. We have fought wars with European and with African Powers. We have participated with European Powers in the settlement of international controversies to which we were not ourselves a party. We "opened" Japan and Korea. We took part in the international tribunals of Egypt. We were a party to the Algeciras Conference and the resultant treaty. We have entered into a multitude of international acts and conventions which were and are tantamount to alliances, for a multitude of purposes—for amelioration of the condition of the wounded in war, for the protection of telegraphic cables, for the control of wireless telegraphy, for the suppression of the slave trade, for prevention of the importation of spirituous liquors into Africa, for international sanitation, and what not else.

The suggestion, which has been made by some, that our participation in international affairs would compel the

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abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine, and would involve us in all the evils which that instrument was designed to avert, is to be mentioned only to be dismissed as doubly groundless. It seems to have arisen from a notion that the Monroe Doctrine is a part of international law, which would be automatically repealed by our entry into an alliance of any kind with a European Power. It is, of course, nothing of the sort. It is simply a statement of our own national policy. It was made in entire independence of all other Powers, and has never relied for validity upon their assent. It would no more be abrogated by our making an alliance than, for example, would England's national policy of free trade. If it had been thus subject to alien influences it would have been abolished long ago, for this country has repeatedly made what were practically treaties of alliance with numerous European Powers.

This point was raised in connection with the first Hague Convention, and also with the Algeciras Convention, and while it was pretty authoritatively regarded as of no consequence, it was deemed fitting to make a declaration to that effect. Thus in signing the Hague Convention the American Plenipotentiaries made, in writing, a reservation declaring that nothing in the instrument should be so construed as to require the United States to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign state, or so as to imply a relinquishment by the United States of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions. And when the Algeciras Convention was ratified by our Senate, a resolution was adopted declaring that there was no purpose to depart from the traditional foreign policy which forbids participation by the United States in the settlement of political questions which are purely European in their scope.

Now these declarations were in a sense superfluous, since they merely repeated what had long been a matter of course. Yet they served the useful purpose of a reminder, and for that purpose a similar declaration might well be appended to the text of such a convention as that which Lord Bryce has in view. This could the more fittingly be done for two salient reasons. One is, that the question of maintaining peace, or of preventing another world-wide war, is not a "political question of policy or internal administration of

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any foreign state," nor a "political question purely European in scope." It is a matter of world-wide interest and scope, and therefore pertains to America as much as to Europe, entirely regardless of the Monroe Doctrine. The other is, that there is not the slightest incompatibility between the Monroe Doctrine and an irenic alliance, but on the contrary there is the closest possible harmony. The Monroe Doctrine is not belligerent, but distinctly irenic. It was the first great international peace decree, at least in our history, and as such it was effective. In nearly a century of existence and force it has not caused a single breach of the peace, and it has directly prevented several wars.

We may therefore respond to the call of the nations for aid in the making and keeping of peace, not in spite of, but rather because of, the Monroe Doctrine. There is no "old policy of complete isolation" in the way. The consistent records of the past and the logic of our traditional declarations of policy, as well as the imperative exigencies of the present and the world's hope for the future, all sanction our favorable reply. We are already committed to it. We should be false to our faith, recreant to the spirit of the Founders, if we should shirk the duty. Hitherto we have often—perhaps too often—vaunted ourselves upon our service to humanity in offering here an asylum for the victims of political oppression, if they could and would flee hither. It would be a noble complement now to render the service of carrying influences of peace to the other nations of the world. We have heard of peace imposed upon the world for a time by the might of some overbearing autocracy. The *Pax Americana* would be a peace sanctioned by the judgment and welcomed by the desire of most if not all of the nations of the world, to which this nation would sustain the relation not of an arrogant dictator, but of a sympathetic co-operator in the execution of the general will. To achieve such an end may well be an inspiration to American citizens in these last days of a national campaign which is to determine not only our domestic policies, but also the status of this country among the Powers of the earth.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

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OKUMA AND THE NEW ERA IN JAPAN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE best hated and the best loved man in the Japanese Empire has resigned the premiership, though still a leader of the people. According to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, feudalism is dead, but the clan spirit is alive. No more than among the land-holding classes of England and Germany, has the feudal system been abolished in Japan. As in Russia, the bureaucracy in Nippon still holds the power. That ideal of the union of the throne and the nation, set forth in the revolution of 1868, is still far from complete.

The resignation of Okuma (October 2, 1916) marks the end of an era. Of the original half hundred or so re-creators of Japan, who put the "Charter Oath" into the mouth of the boy-emperor Mutsuhito, who lived until 1912, but four remain. These *Genro,* or Elder Statesmen, despite Constitution, Diet, parties, or nobility, have virtually dictated for nigh fifty years the policy of the new Japan.

From this time forth, a new element enters into the executive branch of the Mikado's Government. With faint memories of feudalism, or none; educated abroad; and with mental habits wholly modern, the bolder policy of the future premiers will be in the line of national expansion. Especially in the relations with Japan's nearest neighbors—China, Russia, and the United States—will vigor and justice, from the native point of view, be looked for. Japan is the middle term between Orient and Occident, and the world must know it. This is the meaning of party contention in the Diet, of recent native literature, and of diplomatic and military activities on the Asian mainland. It is these latter that have so disturbed some American writers and multiplied their books and deliverances through voice and pen.

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Auspiciously for Americans, the new premier, Terauchi, is looked upon in Japan—as was also the late premier Katsura—as loyal son, promising pupil, and approved successor of Prince Yamagata, born in 1838, and still a power in politics behind the throne. It was Yamagata who carried through several friendly arrangements with the Government of the United States, including the "gentleman's agreement." Terauchi's record in Korea—despite the unsavory history and limping conclusion of a certain judicial process, for which he is hardly responsible—is, all things considered, fully equal in efficiency and justice to that of Lord Cromer in Egypt or of Lord Curzon in India.

In considering Okuma's career, the key to it is found in his faith in the power of education. He has ever urged the duty of society to afford equal opportunity to both man and woman. Opportunism has been the chronic object of his hostile contempt. For long views of statecraft he believed in a university rather than an electioneering canvass, even though he has gone on speech-making tours in palace cars. He has ever believed in sending a root downward, as well as a branch upward. Ever contending for the national ideal, none can better express in word and life what that ideal is. His acceptance of the best culture, handed down from the ancients, is as sincere and thorough as is his hospitality to foreign thought.

This patent fact puzzles one who is merely alien, partisan or nationalist, for Okuma has the international mind. When his was a voice crying in the wilderness, and military strength was supposed to be the nation's only salvation, he urged the elevation of woman as the nation's safeguard. In this, he was the truest of patriots. It is not "belated Rousseauism" to assert for the daughters of Japan equal right and heritage in national honors, for the page of history is too manifestly open. Confucian notions, crusted into routine, when introduced in Japan, distinctly lowered the status of woman from her high place in ancient Yamato.

The animus and motor of Japan's modern transformation are missed if these facts are forgotten, for no other Japanese has so incarnated all, and not merely a few, of the forces, new and old. Okuma is not veneered or varnished with imported modernism, but is a Japanese of the Japanese. He knows his nation's record. He acts from inherited and not exotic principles. One familiar with his early life can-

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not doubt the sincerity of his oft-repeated profession that, even while confessing vast debt to American friends and teachers, he is still supremely loyal to Emperor and country. His first political study was the Constitution of the United States, and he was a "Mikado reverencer," when that term was the battle cry of those looking forward to a new national life.

The printed accounts of Okuma's formative period appear to be copied one from the other. The author of this article, familiar with the letters of Okuma's teacher, Dr. Verbeck, from 1859, and knowing Okuma in the early seventies, sees not change, as of a cloud, but growth as of a tree. There is visible none of that fickleness vulgarly supposed to mark the typical Japanese. The time for considering the Japanese as funny little human curiosities has gone. The day for serious study of them, as well as—if so be—of discernment of menace and of malignant misrepresentation, has come.

The biographies and reference books, now in many lands, tell us that Okuma went to Nagasaki and came under the influence of "some Englishmen"—that is, the American missionaries there, whose names we know; but the alleged plurality centers in Guido Fridolin Verbeck, born in Holland, who used freely French, German, English, and Dutch, and was conversant with three classic languages. From New York he reached Nagasaki in 1859, after a voyage of 127 days, almost on the day that the Townsend Harris treaty would allow alien residence. In his letters home, we read that two of his first and most promising pupils were Soyéshima and Okuma, whom he was instructing in two immortal documents, the New Testament and the Constitution of the United States. In a word, Okuma, in 1860, was one of the first to turn away from what was merely odd and quaint in the "hairy foreigners," to discern the underlying principles of their civilization. In 1916 he has probably no living superior as a student of realities among nations and races.

After Nagasaki, teacher and scholar, the man of cosmopolitan mind and the star pupil, were destined to remain neighbors and friends for many years. Summoned in 1869 to Tokyo, to inaugurate Japan's national scheme of education, to start a host of students abroad, to call out from home an army of foreign experts, to dictate the language of medicine and law, Verbeck, in many a masterly, original

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writing, initiated the young statesman into the modern mysteries—of freedom of the press and of conscience, of lay trustees for church property, and in details of international usage. Many a "state paper" I have seen is pencilled "Offered to Okuma," on such a date, and "Discussed with Okuma," on another. Okuma was the channel through which the new ideas poured easily into the brain of the older and less enlightened of the builders of the new nation.

It is often asked, "Is Okuma a Christian?" Though the ex-premier has never worn the regimentals of the Occidental Christ, yet all his actions and sympathies, and his boldest public expressions, show that he strives to follow closely the Samurai of the Ages. Perhaps, like others, he waits to see the savagery of civilization eliminated from Christianity, notwithstanding that a greater than he declared that the tares, once in the field, must grow with the wheat to the end of the world. In ethical and personal purity, his private life has been a wholesome contrast with that of certain colleagues, who have openly defied the moralities; while in ferreting out the abundant Japanese scoundrelism in high places, none has excelled this believer in clean poverty.

We remember well, at Tokyo in 1873, Okuma's manifesto against official peculation and the antiquated and slovenly processes of government finance. This was when a forest of swords, equalling any in fairy tales, was a daily reality. Those of us who lived among the still hot passions of feudalism, and to whom the assassination of a cabinet minister was rather an ordinary bit of news, trembled for the safety of both Okuma and Shibusawa; yet both these oft-threatened men, still living, are likely to die in their beds. Okuma's protest, with later achievements, gave Japan a standing in the world's money markets, while his later investigations helped not only to fill the jails with guests of rank and position, but put whole armies of their followers to flight. Flinging away his sword and challenging many an old tradition and custom, Okuma pressed on. Christian or not, he could rebuke the fool's imputation of "coward" when he not only forgave, but in later years made a pilgrimage to the grave of his would-be murderer and laid a wreath upon his tomb. The enlightenment of ignorance, the removal of prejudice—a passion with Okuma—seemed to him greater victories than those that crimsoned fields or made the sea to bubble with sinking ships. He leaves office now,

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because of a battle not lost, but with its full issue only postponed. His cure for war and other indecencies of civilization is more education, or, as an American would say, more democracy. In his view more liberty means more solidity. A solid basis of education means national permanence.

Such inherent convictions, early formed, seem to me to solve the alleged enigma in Okuma's character, of which certain recent publications of foreigners, octavo and duodecimo, make so much, even charging that as Premier he became turncoat and renegade. Yet if there be a *volte-face*, as it is charged, in this man ever loyal to his sovereign, it must be in the minds of aliens who take their cue from native critics of the other party. I have never seen it. If to carry out his policies of protecting the people and the hopes of democracy—shall we use that term?—Okuma has invoked the potencies of Mikadoism and the throne, what is that but turning his enemies' guns upon themselves? It is no new trick in politics—to beat the foe with his own weapons. We all know how Dr. Johnson, with his eye on men that had their price, defined patriotism. If anything is clear, in the history of modern Japan, it is that Mikadoism has been made the same "last refuge." In Tokyo of the twentieth century, as in London of the eighteenth, it lies too often on the bargain counter.

Okuma, as I remember, was in 1871 as genuine an upholder of the throne as the foundation of Japan's unity as he is now. When in that year I first met him in Tokyo, he was Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs. My three years' educational contract with the great daimio of Echizen referred to the "Government" of the chief city where I was to organize a school of science and languages. The feudal system was still in force. Okuma's quick eye, sharpened by jealousy for the Mikado's honor and the Imperial prerogative, at once ordered the document to be recast, and the words "local authorities" substituted for a phrase which should be reserved solely to designate the sovereignty of the Empire.

This incident sufficiently explains the whole career of Okuma Shigénobu, with which his actions, as Premier, from April, 1914, to October, 1916, are in no way inconsistent. Moreover, ordinary perspective protects one from rumors and falsehoods. His record, when scrutinized, shows unwavering adherence to principles which his predecessors

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have not always emphasized, even though Okuma's acceptance, as a native, of Japan's nursery tales as "history," and his low opinion of the Chinese, can hardly be shared by the critical mind of an alien.

Okuma's passion has been Japan—to make her great at home and to extend her influence in Asia and the world. Yet his methods have been those of the statesman, not the politician. Unless he be a consummate hypocrite—there is no other alternative—he lives and labors that his country, standing as the interpreter of the East to the West and the West to the East, may help notably to solve humanity's great, perhaps greatest problem: the union and reconciliation of East and West.

It is perhaps less important to give (in naval language) Okuma's "detail," than to attempt to fathom, if possible, the meaning of parties and policies; yet so far a "party" in Japan, whatever its name, means primarily a personal following. Our main present anxiety is Japan's political morality, the purpose and significance for the future of the recent change. A statesman supposed to be a pacifist and a believer in government by party has stepped out, and another, of alleged clan instincts and inheritances, a military man believing in government above and apart from parties and backed by the warlike Elder Statesmen, has stepped in. Is this a relapse, a halt in the evolution of constitutional government? How will the change affect the interests of the United States in the Far East?

Nominally Japan abolished feudalism; but half a million feudal retainers in Japan did not lose their grip upon the Government. Despite constitutions, Diets, and "gifts" of the Emperor, the men of the sword still rule Japan, and militarism crushes the people with outrageous taxation. The feudal system is re-entrenched in bureaucracy, so long assaulted by the ex-Premier, for of opposition to this clan spirit Okuma is the incarnation.

Okuma, after serving eight years as head of the Treasury, left his post because his colleagues in power rejected his memorial pleading for responsible government. He was disappointed that the Emperor had not kept, in letter or spirit, his "Charter Oath" to form a national assembly. On the contrary, Ito and others seemed more and more enamored of the Prussian, as opposed to the Anglo-Saxon, idea of making the ministers responsible to the Diet instead of to

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"the Sovereign"; which latter, to the American mind, means the supremacy of the impenetrable secrecy of the Palace and the intrenched power of the ring of politicians surrounding the Mikado.

Seen in the perspective of over forty years, Japanese popular education has been swamped in militarism. Japan's once splendid scheme of a university in each of the eight great divisions of the empire has come very close to disgraceful failure. Academic freedom is yet far from a reality. Labor has not been honored. Military glory has been transfigured and war-making honored beyond its deserts, while against money-grubbing, at the expense of health and life, there is scarce protection by law. The fighter is still esteemed above the inventor, healer or artisan. The manifest result is, that Japan is still curiously deficient in high grade machinists, in intelligent mechanics, and in the finer lines of the newer industries. She is far from being able to compete in the more elaborate machinery or products, while her statutes for the protection of the factory laborer are weak apologies for what they should be.

Against the intrenchment of clan-politics in the Government—the old feudalism now pretty much the same in spirit, even when baptized "Imperialism"—Okuma has ever fought persistently and with valor. In 1888, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was maimed by a dynamite bomb that was carried, hidden in an umbrella, by a partisan clothed in the evening dress of Occidental civilization. Thus, without going to war, Okuma lost a limb. When, in 1889, the promised Constitution came forth, after being deferred during twenty-one years—"the gift of the Emperor," but made in secret by a conclave headed by the Prussianized Ito—it scarcely disappointed the forewarned Okuma and Itagaki, when they found it defective in a vital feature: namely, the ministers were responsible only to "the Emperor."

Nevertheless, these two men, who for thirty years had fought the Satsuma-Choshiu-Tosa clan combination, then in possession of the Government, tried honestly, in 1898, to form a coalition ministry. They quickly realized, like their predecessors, that the time for parties founded on principles, rather than upon instincts and persons, had not yet come. The passionate instincts of clanship were too strong in the men of a nation in whom the long training of the English-speaking race was lacking. So this many-sided man re-

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signed to carry out his educational plans, founding in 1882 the Waseda University, the largest and possibly the best of Japan's higher private schools, with its four thousand students. In this and in the Diet, Okuma showed a master-hand in rivalry and opposition. In none of the arbitrary measures (carried out, of course, in the name of " the Emperor ") did any ministry in power dare to imprison their outspoken critic, Okuma, as they had done so often in the case of others. The Tolstoi of Japan was unharmed; for neither honest nor dishonest men, dressed in brief authority, dared, because of the people, to show too rough a hand. The worst thing about Okuma's criticisms was that they were true, even though not according to traditional etiquette.

Summoned in April, 1914, at seventy-six, following an appalling revelation of graft, Okuma left leisure to take the helm of state, in the year of the collapse of European civilization. The bureaucrats and the war party wanted, not only to eliminate Germany from the East, but to humble China and compromise her sovereignty. This was done with mixed motives, among others, that of getting possession of the iron mines, in which Japan is so deficient. She needs steel badly and is compelled to import seventy-five per cent. of her metals. There were no original Japanese methods to be used. The simple imitation of England, Russia and France would secure what was aimed at. In a word, Japan simply followed the order of " civilization." But whatever was done—and the misinterpretation in American newspapers was great—Okuma was, throughout, the restraining force, and it would be absurd to hold him responsible for the bellicose action of his country when the gravamen of his opponents' charge is his lack of a firm policy. Their demand for a premier of military mind shows what is in the air.

Okuma has ever tried to show to his countrymen the justice of American complaints, without ever yielding for one moment to the idea that the capital of the United States is anywhere else than in Washington, D. C., or that a treaty made with our Government can be set aside by one of the States.

If, as some fear, the clan spirit, bureaucracy and militarism are now for the time triumphant in Japan over constitutionalism, what then are the prospects for the " open door " and American interests in the Far East?

It would be against all precedents of nature and history

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to expect an island race, with an expanding population, rich in reserves of power and with energies long stored up but liberated in a time of supreme opportunity, to remain quiescent, or to obey foreign dictation. No more than England, will Japan consent to being insularly "cribbed, cabined and confined." Moreover, the thinking world has had enough of that false and misleading notion (responsible for so many mistakes in diplomacy and in world politics) concerning "the unchanging East" and "the Oriental calm." The "Oriental" of conventional Occidental notions is pure legend.

Several books recently published in America and written in a spirit hostile to Japan, contain outrageous misstatements and interpretations of events possible only to partisans. They seem to have amply demonstrated, however, that the chief dangers to American interests on the Asian continent lie in our commercial carelessness, or our refusal to study the needs of the markets, or in that lack of enterprise which makes us inferior to our competitors. Not a few of these diatribes read like the complaints of disappointed commercial travellers, who wanted the United States Government to back their schemes. Even supposing that the bureaucrats and military party have for a time captured Japan, I see in this no more of a menace to the United States than a Japanese would find in the vote of our Congress to enlarge armaments under the Stars and Stripes.

No true lover of his race, or of righteousness, can condemn the Japanese for claiming from our Government strict fulfillment of treaty stipulations. Nor is their demand for social justice and recognition of the merits of their civilization aught but just. The encourager of race hatred is the real enemy, both of the United States and of mankind.

It is in the area of mutual rivalry and economic invasion of the unexploited territory of Asia that the real danger lies. Here, at the front of and beyond the threshold of the "open door," there is a real peril. Yet the men who believe in the inherent superiority and ultimate supremacy of moral potencies over physical forces—of which belief, Okuma stands as the embodiment—are firm in their conviction that genuine statesmanship, as earnest as it is sincere, can not only ward off all danger, but can ally Japan with America in a new union of forces for mutual good.

To Japan's new premier, Terauchi, we need extend only

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a cordial welcome. His record of just government in Korea belongs among the records of high statesmanship. Long desired in Japan as a national leader, he is reasonably sure to follow the policy of neighborliness toward the United States as Japan's best friend. Moreover, in intellect, methods and sympathies, Terauchi is, in reputation at least, a sort of double to the venerable Yamagata, who has repeatedly shown himself America's constant friend. While Okuma and Yamagata were never close in sympathies or in methods of domestic statecraft, they have run the same course as agreed rivals in persistently claiming, often against jingoism, that the United States is Japan's best friend. So, without misgivings, we draw an augury from the name Terauchi: "Inside the Temple"—the temple, shall we not say, of peace?

In brief, here is a unique opportunity offered to the United States and Japan for mutual benefit and advancement of the race. To extend America's influence and prosperity in Asia, we shall find no better friend and helper than Japan. In the light, therefore, of fifty years' knowledge of the Japanese, I utter my faith that they will be loyal to the letter and to the spirit of every treaty which they have made with us; yes, even more, that they will co-operate with us in extending enterprise and commerce in Asia; and I, with millions of my countrymen, accept in its full meaning the message of Okuma which, as Premier, he sent in 1914 to the American people: "We Japanese, standing at the point where the Eastern and Western civilizations meet, are given facilities to serve as interpreters of the Orient and to represent the former before Occidentals.....Free from any racial or religious prejudices, we have collected, or are trying to collect, what is good, what is true, what is beautiful, from all corners of the earth."

In the same quest, may God speed us both.

William Elliot Griffis.

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DEMOCRACY AND DIPLOMACY

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

EXPLANATIONS of the causes of the Great War are naturally diverse, varying with the prejudices, the temperament, and the type of mind of each individual. Some assert with much assurance that it was caused by militarism—a conveniently vague term like socialism. Others claim that it was caused by commercial greed, by ambitions for world-power, by the mutual distrust of nations, or the passions and evil hearts of men.

An explanation readily accepted is that the great catastrophe is directly due to the intrigues and the machinations of diplomacy. It is easy to picture democracy as the helpless victim of evil diplomats who take a fiendish delight in wicked conspiracies, and find their supreme joy in provoking a horrible world-war. The popular cry now is for the abolition of "secret diplomacy," and the "democratization of foreign policies," in the naïve belief that the people are quite capable of conducting diplomatic negotiations in the market-place. Among the able exponents of this theory are Norman Angell, G. Lowes Dickinson—both Englishmen—and Walter Lippmann, in his interesting book, *The Stakes of Diplomacy*. They support their thesis with considerable dialetic skill, and brush away difficulties with an argument to the effect that things could not be much worse under a democratic control of foreign affairs—a kind of reasoning which would justify invoking the services of a veterinary surgeon in a case of appendicitis or cancer when the skilled physician had failed to give entire satisfaction.

At the outset it would seem desirable to note what seems to be a fundamental misapprehension back of this current distrust of diplomacy, namely, a confusion of methods with policy. Diplomacy and its agents have been credited with possessing power they do not possess, particularly

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since the introduction of easy means of communication which no longer, as formerly, permit very much personal freedom of action, initiative, and discretion. They are credited with being the directing force, when they are only the instruments, the agents.

It is true that diplomats intrigue at times, and resort to questionable methods to accomplish their ends; but so do lawyers, business men, politicians, and even representatives of philanthropic or religious organizations. One does not feel justified thereby in condemning the profession of law, business, politics, philanthropy, or religion. In many instances, if the firm, society, or organization find that their representatives are behaving improperly, they are quick to reprove, punish, or discharge such unworthy agents. In other instances, if the directing policy of these organizations is found to be dishonest or vicious, criticism is properly centered, not on the representatives, but on the management.

And so it is with diplomacy: the agents, the mere tools, are of slight account; the powers that direct, the policies they formulate, are the supreme factors. National policies in international affairs depend very largely on the character and intelligence of the statesmen responsible for the conduct of foreign relations. A Metternich holding reactionary though honest opinions will resort to methods hateful to democracy. A Cavour, fired by nationalistic dreams for his country, will use various means at hand to achieve his worthy ends. So with Gladstone, full of a moral zeal; a Bismarck seeking the unity of Germany, a Hay trying to apply the Golden Rule in international affairs; and a Sir Edward Grey endeavoring to restrain Europe from the brink of disaster. In all these cases, diplomatic methods are bound to respond to the demands and the policies of the statesmen at the head of the nation. Criticism, therefore, should be centered, not on diplomacy in general, but on the policies which diplomacy is instrumental in carrying into effect.

The problem thus becomes a much larger one than the nature of diplomacy: it concerns the formulation of national policies, and the ability of the crowd in the marketplace to formulate these policies. To grapple intelligently with this great problem, it is necessary first of all to be perfectly clear concerning the functions of diplomacy, in

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order to avoid certain common misapprehensions which render discussion of the whole subject difficult, or impossible.

Diplomacy has been well defined as "the art of negotiation." It is essentially the application to questions of an international nature of the ordinary rules of negotiation among men, whether in law, business, politics, or any enterprise requiring relations with other men. It requires the same knowledge of men, the same keenness of insight, the same power of discussion, of persuasion; in sum, the same tact, or what we are accustomed to denote generally as common-sense. It is true that there are special forms of etiquette, of technique in writing, and rules of the diplomatic game, which it is desirable to know; but they are not so obscure or complicated as many would infer. They are forms and rules which clever men master easily, and which are readily communicated by clerks and subordinate officials. Diplomacy is far from being what some would seem to suggest—a kind of "Sacred College" of Roman *Fetiales*, who have been initiated into the mysteries of diplomatic negotiation.

The truth of this fact has been borne out in our own history since the days of Benjamin Franklin, our *first* diplomat in every sense of the term. Franklin, Gallatin, Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, Adams, White, Choate, Reid, Herrick, the Pages, van Dyke, Gerard, and Morgenthau, are all instances of the ability of men chosen from public and private life to master the "art of negotiation." The qualities which made them successful as men of affairs at home were the very qualities essential for the duties of American diplomats. To these qualities of mind, heart and personality, must be added the distinction of being, on the whole, truly representative Americans.

Granted then that democracy can usually find able servants to protect its interests abroad, does it follow that democracy is also able to direct their actions, and conduct its own foreign relations? Is democracy competent to determine in the market-place—as Angell and others would insist—the great policies which its representatives are to execute? Must the President and his advisers hold Cabinet meetings in public, and take no action without first obtaining the approval of the populace?

De Tocqueville in his great work on *American Democracy* remarks:

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As for myself, I do not hesitate to say that it is especially in the conduct of their foreign relations that democracies appear to me decidedly inferior to other governments. . . . democracy is favorable to the increase of the internal resources of a State; it diffuses wealth and comfort, promotes public spirit, and fortifies respect for law in all classes of society: all these are advantages which have only an indirect influence over the relations which one people bears to another. But a democracy can only with great difficulty regulate the details of an important undertaking, persevere in a fixed design, and work out its execution in spite of serious obstacles. It cannot combine its measures with secrecy, or wait their consequences with patience.

One may well differ from de Tocqueville in his preference for government by aristocracy, but still find much force in his strictures regarding the incapacity of democracy to carry on foreign relations. Our faith in the representative form of government in the United States may be fully justified; and yet we may well agree with de Tocqueville that there are great difficulties in the way of the "democratization of foreign policies."

A most important reason why democracy is not fitted to conduct foreign relations is to be found in the need, alluded to by de Tocqueville, of secrecy—of at least a certain degree of secrecy—in diplomatic negotiations of a delicate nature, as for example, the recent negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies by the United States. Those who urge publicity in foreign affairs can hardly hold that publicity in all human affairs is possible or even desirable. It would not be maintained, for instance, that an industrial corporation could be successfully managed through public meetings of its board of directors and the disclosure to competitors of valuable information. The affairs of a university could not be carried on, with due regard for the interests of all concerned, by public meetings of the trustees or the faculty, in the presence of the students and alumni. It is evident that there is hardly a human interest, whether of the family, private business, or public organization, where a certain degree of secrecy is not prudently required, and eminently proper. There is nothing necessarily reprehensible in a wise reserve, a respect for privacy, a regard for sensibilities, a sincere concern for the adequate protection of legitimate interests.

How much truer this is in matters of international concern, where vast interests must be properly safeguarded, and

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questions of extreme delicacy, likely to embroil nations, must be handled with consummate skill. If the President should have private and authentic information that a certain Power was intriguing against the United States and ready at any moment to take aggressive action, how much would it help, in dealing with such a situation, to make an official announcement of the fact? If the Administration were reliably informed that another Power was planning to get possession of the Danish West Indies for the purpose of establishing a naval base to menace American control of the Panama Canal, would it be prudent to so inform the American public and the world in general? In either case, dangerous friction would be created, the diplomatic and military measures adopted by the Government to avert trouble would be largely nullified, and war very likely precipitated, by any such extraordinary disclosures.

There is no doubt, of course, that a certain measure of publicity in affairs of state has been most effective at times in checking abuses and preventing corruption. It is clear also that the growth of constitutional government throughout the world, by its checks on monarchy and aristocracy, has been of great value in thwarting the evil designs and eliminating the dynastic wars of irresponsible monarchs. Publicity, the "thinking out loud" of democracies, of which Lorimer speaks, has unquestionably served an excellent purpose. It is not necessary, however, to go to the extreme of saying that all affairs of state should be conducted with absolute publicity: that they are not subject to the ordinary rules of prudence, reserve and secrecy, observed in other human affairs. This would be quite unreasonable; and yet it is the kind of reasoning that vitiates the proposal for the "democratization of foreign policies," the demand for public negotiations in the market-place.

It should also be borne in mind that, by reason of their elevated position, their widened horizon, their comprehensive knowledge of international politics, their confidential avenues of information, the responsible statesmen of a nation are infinitely better fitted to deal intelligently with a trying diplomatic situation, a great crisis, than the people at large. In times of extreme tension created by such incidents as the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Sussex*, the general public of course is at once apprised of the main facts. The President, moreover, yielding to the importunate

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demands of the press, is compelled to disclose just as much of the diplomatic negotiations as the exigencies of the situation and the best interests of the country may permit. He cannot, however, take the public completely into his confidence. Even if he gives out the text of important cipher messages before they are received by the other Government, he cannot with prudence or decency disclose the candid though perhaps unauthorized personal statements of the diplomatic representative of that Government, in his loyal efforts to adjust the difficulty on an honorable basis. Partial information is thus worse than no information. The general public may reach entirely erroneous conclusions from the published correspondence, issued in part for "public consumption," when the most important features of the negotiations may have been treated in personal "conversations," which of necessity cannot be made a matter of record, or publicly disclosed. Under such circumstances, democracy must either be discreetly patient, or endanger the efforts of wise and patriotic statesmen to steer the ship of state in time of storm.

As a matter of practice, the American democracy has usually shown remarkable restraint in times of international storm; has reposed great confidence in the President, and rallied in a non-partisan manner to his support. It has thereby confessed its own sense of incapacity to handle foreign affairs by any process of initiative and referendum. And as demonstrating this it will be recalled how, at the time of the crisis with Germany over the sinking of the *Sussex,* when certain interests opposed to the policy of the President endeavored to curb his freedom by Congressional action, the whole country indignantly warned Congress to leave the control of foreign relations where it properly belongs, in the hands of the President and his advisers.

Other suggestive historical instances might be cited to advantage in this connection. Washington was compelled to face a most trying situation at the time of the French Revolution, when many Americans, Jefferson included, felt strongly convinced that the United States was bound by its Treaty of Alliance with France to come to its aid against Great Britain. Washington, however, with as keen a sense of honor, but with a wider range of vision, a keener appreciation of all the factors involved, and a realization of the

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permanent best interests of the United States, wisely determined otherwise. As de Tocqueville justly observes, "nothing but the inflexible character of Washington, and the immense popularity which he enjoyed, could have prevented the Americans from declaring war against England. . . . . The majority reprobated his policy, but it was afterwards approved by the whole nation."

Consider the situation confronting Lincoln at the time of the Mason-Slidell incident, when the North was exulting over the capture of the Confederate Commissioners from a British vessel, the *Trent;* and the British public, on the other hand, was aflame with indignation over what they considered a gross outrage. Only the patient, courageous, wise policy of Lincoln enabled the United States to reach a prudent and honorable settlement of the difficulty through diplomatic negotiation. It has been asserted, with considerable show of reason, that if there had existed at that moment the same easy means of cable and wireless communication as at the present time, the same degree of publicity, war between England and the United States in all probability would have been inevitable. An inflamed public opinion in both countries would most likely have rendered a peaceful adjustment impossible.

Take the matter of the daring conspiracies on American soil by German official agents, as plainly proved in the cases of von Papen, Boy-Ed, and von Igel, all attachés of the Germany Embassy in Washington. There is little doubt that if the Administration had disclosed to the American people all the mass of incriminating evidence in its possession, which was partially disclosed through British sources, public feeling would have run so high as to demand at least a complete rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany. Some may well believe that this would have been the only self-respecting course for the United States to take under the circumstances. The Administration evidently thought otherwise.

In all these instances, there is every reason to believe that discussion in the market-place and a direct democratic control of foreign affairs would have resulted in very serious difficulties for the country. It would seem contrary to experience and reason to believe that democracy would be any more able to avoid wars than would "secret diplomacy."

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Other instances, of course, might be profitably recalled to show the incapacity of democracy to judge wisely, and act with calm, sure confidence in an international crisis, as for example, the stupid intrusion of the French Chamber of Deputies in the policy of the Government when England invited France to intervene jointly in Egypt. It would not seem necessary, however, to stress further this fundamental truth that democracy is ill fitted to conduct foreign relations by market-place discussions. By way of resumé, this incapacity is due to three reasons: (1) the inability of the general public to be fully informed, to comprehend all the factors involved; (2) the supreme need of secrecy at certain moments in order to forward legitimate ends for the security of the State, and to avert trouble; and (3) what has been well characterized by de Tocqueville as the inability of democracy to "regulate the details of an important undertaking, persevere in a fixed design, and work out its execution in spite of serious obstacles."

Except for those who never have carried great responsibilities, who have only looked on from the "side-lines," who have evolved in their arm-chairs splendid theories for the government of the State and the Universe, reasons of the character suggested would seem sufficient to indicate the folly of the proposition to encourage democracy to take control of its international relations from the hands of its trained statesmen. From the point of view of political theory, the issue is to be drawn between those who believe in direct government—the restoration of a pure form of Athenian democracy—and those who believe in truly representative government, which reposes confidence in and gives loyal support to those chosen to steer the ship of state.

But it will be replied by some that, while the captain of a ship is responsible for navigation, the owners of the ship are entirely within their rights in determining the port of destination: that a whole people must be allowed to determine the policy of a nation, whether, for example, it be for war or peace. There would seem to be some truth in this argument, particularly if a people believe in non-resistance, or are gross materialists, whose national motto is "anything for a quiet life," and imagine that war may be avoided at all hazard. But a contemplation of history, of the mysterious, inexorable forces which seem to determine

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the destinies of nations; of the sudden storms that arise, the dangers, the tests of manhood, the appeals to honor and sense of duty—all tends to reveal the utter futility of attempting to formulate with any certainty a national policy able to confront any emergency. One is led to appreciate the profound truth of the epigram uttered by President McKinley, that "Duty determines Destiny." And the ready, courageous recognition of national duty must necessarily lie in the hands of those charged with supreme responsibility, who are best able to judge of the exact situation, of the measures required for the protection of national interests, and the interests of international society in general.

This of course exacts a high degree of trustfulness in its representatives on the part of democracy, especially when one realizes the enormous power centered in the hands of the President as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, as well as of the forces of diplomacy—his power to create, by the use or misuse of all these elements, a situation whereby the country may be plunged into war before Congress can exercise its prerogative of *declaring* war. If democracy is ever betrayed by its representatives, it can only withdraw its confidence and visit its scorn on them. This, it must be acknowledged, is a defect of any form of government other than pure democracy, but it would seem, in the light of previous considerations, an infinitely lesser defect than would be involved in requiring absolute publicity in foreign affairs, the consultation of the passengers by the captain of the ship at every emergency, the initiative and referendum, the "collective *un*wisdom" of the market-place.

The question naturally arises whether, if the people are not competent to direct and control diplomacy, there is not therefore a necessity for diplomatic experts specially trained to represent the nation's interests abroad. It is quite common to assume as a matter of course that the United States should have a permanent corps of trained diplomats just as we have a permanent corps of experts in the Army and the Navy. Is this assumption correct? Is there a real analogy between the diplomatic service and the Army and Navy?

In the first place, it should be re-emphasized that the qualities necessary for success in diplomacy are the very qualities necessary for pre-eminence and success in private

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and public life; namely, tact, knowledge of men, intelligence, courage, and in general what we are accustomed to call common-sense. These are the possessions of no privileged class, whether of diplomats or business men. They certainly are not the technical requirements which men in the Army and Navy must possess: that expert knowledge of guns and ships, machinery and organization, tactics and strategy. It is therefore most misleading to speak metaphorically of the diplomats as constituting the outer line of defense of a country, and hence requiring to be specially trained into a special corps as a co-ordinate service with the Army and Navy. It is true that diplomats occasionally require the aid of the Army and Navy; and that they often obviate the necessity for either; but it is not true that there is any real parallel between them as concerns expert knowledge and training.

A little reflection concerning certain facts—I am confident from personal experience—will lead one seriously to question the desirability of having a permanent, classified diplomatic service, offering, as the Army and Navy, a life career. One great objection lies in the accumulation of what a colleague in the British Diplomatic Service once characterized as "dead timber." A sure tenure of service, the attainment of a certain respectable rank, a substantial increase in one's family with all its increasing needs, a routine, bureaucratic method of transacting business, a perfunctory attitude towards matters of importance—all conduce most powerfully to a consequent lack of ambition, power of initiative, and to a desire for quiet ease; to that condition characterized as " dead timber." Mere skill in the drafting of notes, in the orderly conduct of chancery work, in social address, can in no way compensate for the loss of that personal initiative, that keen interest and fresh enthusiasm which, as a rule, has distinguished most of the American diplomatic representatives eager to make a creditable record during the uncertain time of their service abroad.

Another great objection to a permanent, classified diplomatic service is the danger to which diplomats are exposed —and for some inexplicable reason, American diplomats in particular—of becoming denationalized to a certain extent, of becoming cosmopolitan to such a devitalizing degree that they cease to be thoroughly representative of their country

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in its varied interests, its national characteristics, its feelings, sympathies, and even its ideals. The prime requisite in a diplomat is that he should be absolutely representative, the faithful interpreter of his fellow-countrymen, of their ideas, ideals, and highest interests. Anything which operates to deprive a man of direct, vital touch with the daily life—the swiftly changing life of a country like the United States—and with its intimate concerns, inevitably tends to render him less efficient as a diplomatic representative.

This fact is of special importance when it comes to the question of national policies. It is apparent that the United States has been unable to lay down the broad lines of permanent policies so that they may be automatically developed and carried out by successive administrations. Even the Monroe Doctrine, which is generally regarded as a permanent policy, has been subjected to ever new and extraordinary interpretations that have profoundly altered its original character. Witness the "Receivership Policy" of President Roosevelt, the "Dollar Diplomacy" of President Taft, and the "Constitutionalism" of President Wilson. In all such instances, the President, in the execution of his foreign policies, is fairly entitled to the services of men in direct touch and sympathy with the Administration and its purposes. He is entitled to the greatest freedom in selecting men of affairs, of large vision, and ability properly to represent the nation abroad. He cannot justly be circumscribed in his choice, whether for Pekin, Panama, or the Court of St. James, to a list of men long in residence abroad, and out of vital touch with their country, often without the peculiar qualifications required for appointment at a given moment to some post of special importance. He must be free to choose men of the stamp of Lowell, Hay, Herrick, van Dyke, Reinsch and Francis.

If the President be free, as he ought properly to be free, in his right of appointment—subject of course to the consent of the Senate—then all possibility of a permanent, classified diplomatic service is naturally eliminated. You cannot honestly hold out to a young man the prospect of a diplomatic career if you cannot ensure his advancement above the rank of secretary of embassy, and when superannuated, the right of retirement under a pension. For the reasons before indicated, there can be no guarantee of a sure berth or an embassy, except in case of conspicuous

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merit and unusual fitness for the particular post to be filled, as in the case of Mr. Fletcher, appointed Ambassador to Mexico.

It may be objected that such a condition of affairs virtually means that only rich men can afford to represent their country abroad. This does not necessarily follow, however, though it is a fact that American diplomats have in many posts been notoriously underpaid. It is obviously incumbent on the Government to provide permanent embassies and legations properly maintained as residences for its representatives in order that they may worthily uphold the dignity of the country; and also compensate them sufficiently to enable them to render their services without personal sacrifice. It should be remarked, however, in passing, that it would undoubtedly be a misfortune if diplomatic posts were so well paid as to be an object for greedy politicians.

In regard to the positions of secretaries of embassies and legations, which also should be well paid: if men of ambition are unwilling to risk their careers in so uncertain a service, then the United States must be content with such men as can be obtained. But, as a matter of fact, there are always to be found plenty of men of ability who, either because of independent means, or the desire for foreign experience and special opportunities, are perfectly willing to take these minor positions. It is true that some of them will be keenly disappointed because of a failure to secure promotion; but it cannot be charged that they have been misled into believing that they had been assured a permanent career, or eligibility for appointment whenever a vacancy should occur at London or Paris.

The position taken here should not be interpreted as favoring the elimination of merit from the diplomatic service, or a plea for the "spoils system." Exceptional merit should of course be rewarded where men have rendered diplomatic services of special value, and when their retention is essential for the best interests of the country. But even in such cases, it rests necessarily with the President and the Secretary of State to determine which diplomats may be worthy of special recognition.

Nothing could be more reprehensible than the Bryan conception of finding well paid jobs for "deserving Democrats." But where the President may desire to single out

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men of his own party who are in sympathy with his policies, and conspicuously fitted to represent the United States abroad, there is nothing inherently objectionable in his having the freedom to make such appointments. A number of President Wilson's appointments have plainly been made in deference to the old "spoils system" so naïvely favored by Mr. Bryan. They cannot be too strongly condemned; but this criticism has also been true of not a few diplomatic appointments by Republican Presidents. The good appointments should be remembered with the bad; and it is especially gratifying to recall in particular the appointment of the Hon. William Phillips, a Republican, as Third Assistant Secretary of State, a man of exceptional training and aptitude for diplomacy, who has been charged with the special task of the efficient organization of the diplomatic service.

The American public does well to insist on able and worthy diplomatic representation abroad. We should be vigilant to demand the highest type of men, and the recognition of conspicuous merit. We should not, however, be unduly critical, or be led into the error of demanding a permanent, classified diplomatic service similar to the Army and Navy. For the reasons already considered, this does not seem either necessary or desirable.

By way of summary, our consideration of the relation of democracy to diplomacy would seem to have led us to the three following conclusions:

I. First of all, it is a fundamental error to confuse diplomacy as a profession with the policies it may be called on to execute: to identify the agent with the principal: to center criticism on the instrument rather than on the man who wields it. The methods of diplomacy will depend primarily on the personalities of the statesmen responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs. The policy which may guide these statesmen and a nation as a whole may be good or bad, wise or imprudent, farsighted or opportunistic, courageous or cowardly in an emergency.

II. The determination of a nation's policy, whether in time of calm or of international storm, must rest largely in the hands of the responsible statesmen chosen by democracy to safeguard the nation's interests. The secrecy required to protect and forward national interests, the comprehensive knowledge of all the factors involved, the breadth of vision,

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the keen sense of responsibility to future as well as present generations, the pertinacity of purpose that is needed—all preclude the efficient management of a nation's vast interests by discussion in the market-place. The "democratization of foreign policies" therefore cannot mean that democracy, by a process of initiative and referendum, would commit the folly of refusing confidence and support to its responsible statesmen in times of diplomatic complications and international danger.

III. The large measure of freedom which necessarily must be granted the President in his conduct of foreign relations must also logically include the greatest freedom in his choice of diplomatic agents for the execution of policies and the most effective representation of American interests. This means of course that a classified, permanent, diplomatic service, at least at the present stage of the country's development, is decidedly unwise and undesirable. Conspicuous merit should be recognized, and bad appointments vigorously condemned. The American people have the right and the obligation to insist on a high standard of diplomacy and diplomatic appointments. It still remains fundamentally true, however, that democracy for its own good must not attempt to embarrass the President and his advisers in their conduct of foreign affairs. It should frankly acknowledge, as it usually has been patriotically ready to acknowledge, its own inherent incapacity for diplomacy.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

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THE MORALITY OF FORCE

BY HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER

A REMARKABLE book is being read today in France. It is called *L'Expansion de l'Allemagne*, and its author is a Frenchman, Captain Henri Andrillon. The book, which was published shortly before the War, is an earnest effort to gauge the forces, physical and moral, which underlie the threat of German domination, and by analysis of the peril to forearm the author's countrymen to meet it. Captain Andrillon is a loyal soldier and patriot. His style is detached and dispassionate; he lets his facts speak for themselves, or, if he deals with theories and deductions, he presents them with a logical directness that leaves the impression of a philosophic indifference to all save the truth. There is no atmosphere of the tribune about Captain's Andrillon, no political extravagance, no flushed and noisy chauvinism; he writes as, since the war has come, Frenchmen have shown us they can fight: quietly and with a head for the business in hand. On the whole, *The Expansion of Germany* seems to me the fair counterpart of *Germany and the Next War*, and Captain Andrillon himself a good Gallic equivalent for General von Bernhardi.

On the physical and historical side of Captain Andrillon's argument, I shall not dwell. He pictures Germany's material preparations for war, military and economic, and he analyzes astutely her diplomatic policies looking to the same end. But all of these he very properly subordinates to the conscious and highly developed moral ideal of which they are but the outward symptom. The key to recent German history is German sentiment, as he sees it; and he finds this sentiment to be curiously well organized and united.

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With the main features of the morality which Captain Andrillon depicts we had already become familiar. At its foundation lies that belief in the natural superiority of the Germanic race and of Germanic institutions to other races and institutions, whose political expression is Pan-Germanism. Our author cites the German historian Giesebrecht: "Dominion belongs to Germany because she is a chosen nation, a noble race, to whom it falls to act toward her neighbors as is the right and duty of all men endowed with more spirit or force to act upon surrounding individuals less well endowed"; and he quotes again from one of the leaders of Pan-Germanism, Herr Schonerer: "We are not only men, we are more, because we are Teutons, because we are Germans." This belief received, as it were, its official sanction in the utterances of the reigning Kaiser: "The genius of Germany aspires to the empire of the world," he said in 1902; and in 1907: "The German people will be the block of granite upon which Our Lord can raise and complete the civilization of the world. Then will be realized the word of the poet:

An deutschem Wesen
Wird einmal noch die Welt genesen.

Very likely William II was thinking, in these utterances, of the peaceful conquests of commerce and science quite as much as of the triumphs of war, but the background of the thought is clearly that of a people whose "national industry is war," as has been said of Prussia. "The great questions of the time," Bismarck had said in 1862, "will not be decided by talk or by the decisions of majorities . . . but by iron and blood." And this dogma of iron and blood became the marrow of Germany's aggressive sentiment. Its outward dress, however, was still cast in the form of a moral philosophy. The simplest statement of it is the phrase of Deputy Schwerin in the Prussian Chamber in 1863, summarizing Bismarck's policy: "*Macht geht vor Recht*—Might before Right; say what you will, we have the power and we will put our theory into practice." But this simple form was too baldly blunt for philosophic Germany. It required that paradoxical air of thought which Nietzsche brought to the problem of conduct really to make the idea carry. Nietzsche, with his theory of the superb *Uebermensch* (that "great blond Beast" in which every Teuton must perforce

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see. his own idealized self) magnificently appropriating whatever is desirable of the world's good—Nietzsche, with his Superman, supplied just the needed image to make the philosophic German realize his mighty destiny. And Captain Andrillon finds the beginning and the end, the alpha and omega, of the German ideal in that phrase which Nietzsche had designed for the title of an unfinished book: "The Will to Power"—the will to rule, cost what it may.

II

But it is not in the substance of the German ideal, as Captain Andrillon sees it, nor even in its truthfulness as representing the sentiment of the German people, that I am primarily interested, but rather in the lesson which he draws from it for his own France. The world is moved, history is made, he says, by ideals; it is ideals that engender the power which moulds nations out of peoples. Thus France, the French nationality of today, is the creation of the humanitarian ideal of the eighteenth century. The belief that all men are born free and equal, the belief in the natural rights and dignity of the individual, the belief in the brotherhood of mankind: these were the great tenets of the humanitarian school. "The heroic revolution of 1789 was born of a dream of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, common to all Frenchmen," says Captain Andrillon; and in this dream the French nation still lives: the Frenchman still puts his humanity above his nationality, his manhood above his citizenship.

Is this dream, is this humanitarianism, an illusion after all? asks Captain Andrillon. Above all, is it as a moral ideal inferior in force and impetus to the German ideal, the Will to Power? He answers both of these questions with an emphatic affirmative. The state of liberty, equality and fraternity dreamed of by the French of 1789 was in opposition to the natural law of progress, as sketched by the Darwinian biologists. The idea of it has filled France with utopian idealists and dreaming pacifists; like a disease they have sapped the manly strength of the nation—and he more than hints that this disease has been cleverly fed and spread by German intriguers. "The quest of dominion, war, are the fatal consequence of human nature," he says; " . . . and in the inevitable day of conflict, though the pacific peoples

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sometimes defend themselves with heroism, they are invariably vanquished." The German ideal is of more practical value than the French because it rests directly and unaffectedly upon a fundamental law of nature: the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.

But while the German ideal is incontestably of greater practical value than the humanitarian, is it morally of more worth?—for Captain Andrillon well knows that there are men who prefer death to domination, or to preach the gospel in chains rather than to abjure the faith. Nevertheless, even in this regard the Germans have the better of it. It is a great error, he says, to deny to force a moral value, or to place the two things in opposition to one another, as is so often done in France: force against right, justice against force. History shows us that "in all evolution the triumphs of progress are only the triumphs of force; in the social life in particular, the collectivities which have survived are the collectivities militarily, economically, intellectually and morally the most perfect, the collectivities which have best known how, at the opportune moment, to assemble all their forces and give to them an invincible power; these have survived, and they have survived because this was justice, because they have had not the power but the right. History shows us that if there has never been right without force, there has equally never been durable force without right, nor veritable right that has not ended by acquiring the force necessary for its triumph."

"To be sure," he continues, "we must recognize that the German point of view is not irreproachable from a philosophic and moral point of view; the rule of the strongest, the survival of the fittest, war: all these create for the weak, and indeed for all humanity, a dolorous destiny. But if this ideal satisfies neither the reason nor the sensibility of the honest man, this is because he is not in harmony with the necessities of universal life, and because the realities of the universe are not themselves in perfect accord with all the dreams of the spirit and all the desires of the heart. This ideal fails to satisfy us because universal evolution, if it has rationality, has such a rationality as neither the intellect nor the heart of man may know. And inasmuch as it is not given to men to change the nature of things, inasmuch as the will to live peaceably is incompatible with the will to live, there can be only one moral law possible for those great peoples

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who do not wish to succumb in the universal struggle: that of effort with a view to the possession of force."

It is on these grounds that Captain Andrillon urges his native France to abandon her humanitarian tradition, and to adopt as her own that Will to Power in whose Germanic manifestation her existence lies threatened.

III

I have dwelt upon Captain Andrillon's book for the reason that it gives such a clear and contrasting picture of the ideals which are the stake in the Great War. It presents, too, the spectacle of a highly intelligent and thoroughly sincere man deciding against the ideals which have been the tradition of European civilization and which his own nation has brought to their fullest expression. Patriotism, philosophy, his own sense of honor, are obviously hurt by this decision, but reason and the truth of the world as he sees it will not permit of any other conclusion: the slow centuries which have cumulatively pitted the conceptions of law, justice, and humanity against the doctrine of force, have been wrong, he decides; they have only served to imperil the civilization they express; ere it be too late let us advert to the simple and brutal maxim that "might makes right," and save what we cherish by forcing our way into the ranks of the mighty.

No word of mine is needed to point how directly such a conversion affects our own higher interests. We have been educated in the belief in the superiority of law and justice to mere force, in a kind of religious veneration for democracy and humanity. Have we been blindly, nay, perilously so educated? Are our ideals, social, national, philosophical, all founded in error and delusion? Are they all fraught with the peril of false security and poisoned with self-destruction? Is Darwinism true of human society as well as of the bestial world? Is Nietzsche's Will to Power to be the fundamental moral maxim, the Golden Rule, of the culture of the future? Are we to erect his *Uebermensch*, his "great blond Beast," as the image of human salvation to replace the *Christus crucifixus?* Doubtless to many of us the issue seems too preposterous for serious discussion; but it is no part of safety to avert the gaze from present dangers. Pitiless necessity demands of us that we play the part of men, and face the truth, however pitiless.

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IV

As I read Captain Andrillon's book, I thought of Plato and the Platonic Socrates, and of the great arguments about justice in which Plato makes such easy disposal of the Sophists who in his day were saying that power is the greatest good and that the only right is the right of the stronger—for there were plenty of Nietzsches in the Athens of Pericles and Creon. Was it too easy, Plato's answer to Callicles and Thrasymachus—too easy to be true? And the great tradition of law and justice which rings back to Plato's voice: is it, also, wrong? Are we deceived about God?

Plato's doctrine of justice has the grandeur of simplicity. In states and societies, justice, as he views it, is order and harmony: it is the law of simplicity in life, of restraint in ambition, of proportionality in desire; it is the law that each man shall have what is his own, his equity in the world's good, and that the well-being of every man shall consist in his participation in the well-being of the whole—the whole state, nation, humanity. But this justice of states, Plato held, is only the external manifestation of that prior justice which is the harmony of man's soul. Justice within the soul is a proportionality of the virtues, of courage and temperance and wisdom; it is the health and beauty and well-being of the soul, just as injustice is the soul's disease and weakness and deformity; truth is its armor and love of truth its defense.

But of what good is this law-and-order justice, of what profit, if a man perish? This is the reiterant Sophistic question: What gain in being just, if a man die for it? Callicles —and here he gives Nietzsche's whole text—cites the divergence of the rule of nature and the rule of men's law: The rule of nature, he says, is the rule of the stronger, and the good of nature is simply the power to gratify desire, and the only dishonor is to suffer helpless injury. The rule of men's law, on the other hand, is the rule of weakness; human law is the device of the weak to protect themselves against the strong, and their praise of equality before the law is their adulation of their own inferiority. In a similarly contemptuous spirit Nietzsche speaks of the Church which has made of "the love story the one real interest which binds all classes together," and the Deputy Schwerin enunciates his modern version of the rule of nature—*Macht geht vor Recht.*

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The just man is of all men the most defenseless, sneers Callicles, for he will not commit injustice even to save himself: "For suppose, my dear Socrates," he says, "that some one were to take you, or any one of your sort, off to prison, declaring that you had done wrong when you had done no wrong, you must allow that you would not know what to do: there you would stand, giddy and gaping, and not having a word to say; and when you went up before the court, even if the accuser were a poor creature and not good for much, you would die if he were disposed to claim the penalty of death."

Socrates has three answers which he makes to Callicles —the three answers which are Plato's reply to the Sophists of all time. The first is an ironical retort in kind. "O my wise Callicles," he says, "right you say is on the side of might; very well then, agreeing, right is on the side of law and justice, for the demos which makes the laws enforces them against the few who would break and defile them; the consensus of mankind not only applauds justice, but makes it powerful." This, I say, is irony in the mouth of Socrates; but it may become a very terrible and fateful reality if spoken by the Allied nations against that Germany which has so lightly flouted their conception of international right: We will take you at your own rule, they may say: The law of life is the law of battle; let the fit survive!

But the Platonic Socrates would have stopped short of this, for his mind was set on other things. "True, O Callicles, there is a law of nature which seems often at variance with the law of men; and it may even be that the law of nature will require of a man that he die for his humanity's sake. But of evils, death is not the greatest, nor are all arts but arts of self-preservation. Humanity requires of a man not that he live only, but that he live well; and a little of righteous living outweighs all the extravagances of depravity; God forbid me the spectacle of the patriarch in vice!"

Furthermore,—and this is Socrates' last point,—there is an eternity in righteousness which makes it stronger than any power of a day. In the *Crito*, when Socrates is in prison, facing death, and is urged to escape, he hears the laws of his country, under which he has been condemned, saying: "Listen, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of justice after-

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wards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below. . . . Depart a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws, but of men." In the *Gorgias* Socrates tells in a myth of the administration of justice by the lords of death. Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus are seated in the ghostly meadows at the parting of the ways which lead, the one to grim Tartarus, the other to the Isles of the Blest, passing upon the souls that come before them the judgments of that law which is the justice of God. And no man, says Socrates, "who is not an utter fool and coward is afraid of death itself, but he is afraid of doing wrong; for to go to the world below having one's soul full of injustice is the last and worst of evils." The vision of Er, the son of Armenius, repeats the conception on a cosmic scale. There at the world's center he beheld the throne of Necessity, upon whose knee rests the spindle-whorl of the universe; beside her are the white-robed Fates, Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos, spinning out the threads of men's destinies, which are the threads of eternal justice.

Plato's images in these tales are the images of pagan myth, but his meaning is the meaning which after him the whole Christian world avowed as its creed: that the issues of human history and the struggles of men's souls are not decided by the triumphs of a day, but come for their final appraisement before the tribunal of God.

V

But Plato, the idealist, and Socrates, the martyr, are these after all the men who are to set for us measures of conduct? In a world where *Realpolitik* is so often and so bitterly assertive can we afford to rest our causes with the dim justifications of eternity? Men's lips do full oft eloquently belie their deeds: the praise of virtue is easier than her service; the hands of the mighty are seldom clean, and the wrath of the Lord is long delayed. We have a number of harsh maxims: a bird in hand; might makes right; necessity knows no law—wisdom at its kernel, won in the hardship of living. Is it not best to stick to the safe and sure realities—unpleasant as they may be—for what we shall do, if not for what we shall praise?

History has given us at least a partial answer, and in Plato's favor. The whole fabric of European civilization rests for its support upon the structure of Roman law. And

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this law, not only in spirit but in source, goes back to Plato for its crucial definitions. *Jus est ars boni et aequi,* law is the art of the good and the fair—the equitable, as we say: this is Celsus' phrase for that external bond which unites men in formal societies; and Ulpian it is who, in the very image of Plato, defines justice as "the constant and perpetual will to render to everyone his right and due." Law is the art of discovering the good; and justice is the soul's self-mastery: these are the sentiments which the Platonic Socrates is forever advocating, and they are the principles which Roman law made into the foundation of a world-civilization.

And law with the Romans, while in the beginning it represented the narrowly national institutions of the city of Rome, in the end came to be the statement of the rights of man. Beyond the boundaries of the *jus civile,* the law of the city, the Roman jurist recognized a *jus gentium,* sanctioned by the customs of mankind, and yet beyond this a *jus naturale,* grounded in the eternal nature of men as human beings, in the divinely implanted instincts of mankind; by the law of the city and even by an international law of races a man might be held as a slave, but by the undying law of human nature man was born free. It is no matter of wonder that such a conception of law should have made possible the establishment of progressive states, or that mediaeval thinkers should have identified the *jus naturale* with the law of God, or that it should have suggested to thinkers of a later day the great doctrine of the rights of man, in whose heredity our own nation was born.

But it would be unfair and untrue to say that this is the sole conception of law which has been and is being tried out by European civilization. For the states of western Europe have grown up in the barbarian and feudal law of the Germanic conquerors of the Romans, as well as in the Roman law. The essence of this Germanic law is the privilege of the strong. In the Salic code the fine for slaying a Roman is half that for slaying a Frank, and in the Anglo-Saxon code of Aethelberht the wite for slaying a carl is only six per cent. of that for a freeman's murder. The whole principle of feudal law is the subservience of the weak to the strong; the feudal hierarchy took form as the expression of the need of the feeble for protection against the powerful and the rapacious. A man was not his own man, nor, as under

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Roman law, a state's citizen, but he was his lord's man; and his whole place in society was determined by his overlord's personal ascendency. Correspondingly, rights were mainly the rights of the suzerain, natural rights which the vassal had surrendered in seeking protection. Even in its noblest embodiment, in the law of chivalry, the strong is still the protector of the weak, and the righteousness of the cause of the afflicted damosel lay ever at the peril of the uncertain strength of her knight's right arm. The whole essence of this law is the privilege of the strong. No historic contrast could be sharper, I imagine, than that of the Greek, with his love for the rhetorical pleadings of the courts, or the Roman with his passion for reasoned justice, with the Teuton's dull suspicion of verbal laws and decisions and his hardy determination to fight out his differences, man to man.

VI

And it is just this contrast which is today presented to us in the new guise of international relations. Within civilized states the principles of Roman law and Greek justice have come to be the recognized principles of social organization; citizens no longer go about with sidearms; and the last resort of the code of honor and the duel is in the military caste of militaristic empires. But in the external relations of states with states no similar development has as yet been achieved. To be sure there are customs of nations, uncertain in definition and frail in observance, which have been honored with the name of International Law; but the only sanction that can give validity to such a law must be a general agreement as to what constitutes the natural right of humanity; international law, if it is to prevail, must found itself in a convincing philosophy of nature, just as the *jus gentium* of the Romans was founded in their conception of the *jus naturale*.

And what philosophy of nature will modern peoples and modern nations find convincing? Will it be the Darwinian law of the battle of life, and the righteous survival of the bloodletter, strong in thews or strong in craft? Will it be the law of the unthinking beasts, applied, as Nietzsche would apply it, to thinking men and thinking nations—a *Kulturkrieg,* knowing no rule but its own necessities and no need but conquest? The thing seems to me monstrous and hor-

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rible, with the very monstrosity and horror of that Titanism which the Greeks threw back into the dim and lawless era of Earth's parturitions. And yet it is the very principle upon which *Realpolitik* rests; the very principle which Captain Andrillon, coolly convinced of its truth, urges his own countrymen to adopt in place of their hereditary doctrine of the rights of man; the very principle which today is being tried out in Europe by combat, in the ancient Germanic fashion.

But to save us from this, what substitute can be offered that will actively appeal to the truth-loving intelligence? Darwinism has taken a terrible toll of men's faith, and surely this is because it has at its core a convincing truth. Aye, truth it has; and Captain Andrillon is right when he says that "the realities of the universe are not in perfect accord with all the dreams of the spirit and all the desires of the heart." He is right: nature and human nature, fact and reason, passion and intellect, are often out of accord with one another. Plato saw this with unwavering eyes, and he made it the compass of his philosophy: nought is more certain, he held, than the conflict of sense and idea; nought is more sure than the imperfection of unredeemed nature; nought is more inevitable than the partial defeat of justice in the world of affairs. And yet, he maintained, justice alone is worth living for; justice alone represents the godlike in man's soul; and whatever the cost in service, be it life itself, justice is the only secure possession which a man's soul may bring before the tribunal of God.

I have said that the progress of civilization, in spite of momentary surrenders, has been in the support of Plato. Nothing shows this more steadily than the roll of the world's heroes. These are not the Cæsars and Napoleons of history, not the Supermen of War; but they are men who, like Socrates, feared the laws of death more than the laws of life, and so preferred to live well rather than to live long. Socrates, Giordano Bruno, St. Peter and St. Paul, Jesus of Nazareth . . . such are the nobles of our race, whose very names cause the hearts of men to beat high with the pride of manhood; and in the tale of the centuries they have been justified in the emulations of their disciples long after the empires of the warlords have dissolved and vanished.

But there is still a question: Can the law which we apply to human individuals be applied also to human states? Can

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the law of justice ever become international, so that a state, a nation, nay, even a race and civilization, may prefer death to dishonor? So far as the internal affairs of nations are concerned, the scale has turned in favor of Plato, in favor of human nature as against Titanism and brute nature, and not all the dogma of Darwin and Nietzsche can reverse it: but is this true also of nations? . . . One cannot answer the question simply, for the world is at war over it; and however the die falls, no man knows what creed, whether the creed of passion or the creed of reason, will be in the blood of the victor. But I can point to one great and undeniable triumph of the spirit of justice eternal, which the war has already created. Heroic Belgium, choosing defeat that is well-nigh death rather than the fatness and ease of a dishonored servitude, is the very image among the nations of today of those qualities which have heretofore given us heroes among men. "What our geographical frontiers will be tomorrow I know not," writes the Abbé Noël in an article on the Soul of Belgium. "But I do know that our moral position in the world will henceforth be other than it was. In the most terrible crisis of history we have suddenly found ourselves confronted by a duty which we little expected. Yet, nourished as it was in reverence for right, the nation understood without a moment's hesitation, and as one man, that this duty was sacred, and instantly grappled it with all the energy of its loyal and believing soul. In presence of brutal aggression the old instinct of freedom asserted itself with the energy of other days, and Belgium, hardly perceiving what had happened, was plunged into a world-war for right and for liberty. She it is who personifies this cause, and to her has fallen the honor of suffering martyrdom on its behalf. She lies wounded, panting, but fighting on. All the nations bend over her with their love and veneration. Tomorrow, when Force shall have yielded to Justice, Belgium will cherish the right to speak and to act in the new world which is coming to birth."

So writes the Abbé Noël; and whatever may be the immediate outcome of the present trial by combat, do we not feel assured in our hearts that he speaks the living truth as it will be pronounced in the final judgment before the tribunal of God?

HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER.

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"PURE ASEPSIS"

BY PAUL M. CHAPMAN, M.D.

THE Cardinal's room at the Oratory had no ostentation of simplicity. There was no paper on the walls, but the fact suggested neither a conscious afterthought, nor the disdain of expending any thought at all upon such a subject; it seemed to be a matter of mere chance that the bare plaster was of a color grateful to the eye, and that its surface was pleasing although it was unfinished. The floor was bare of covering, as was the one deal table. The absence of all ornament gave the room an appearance of extreme peace, a peace secured by double doors which excluded all sound from the corridor without. An anthracite stove gleamed redly and in silence both day and night, needing attention only when the occupant of the room was absent saying his Mass. The widely opened windows admitted a plenitude of light and air into a room which was always fresh and clean.

Yet all rooms are eloquent of what the owner considers to be necessaries. So the surgeon thought as he stood there washing his hands for the hundredth time. His mind was often inexorable towards himself, but was wide and tolerant as regards human nature. He looked at the *pantoufles* of red flannel lined with lambswool, and as for the armchair, he himself had tried it, and had slept in it gratefully. What of them? Well! he was very tired when that happened, and he knew that he himself, personally, could think better and write better when free from physical discomfort. Instances to the contrary were only too common, but, in the case of a man content with one glass of wine and water and a biscuit, there was much to be said for comfort. So he thought as he washed his hands. He had operated on Monday; this was Saturday: five days, and the wound had quite healed.

"You will do now," he said over his shoulder to his patient. "You have nothing to do but to get well."

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"I am very grateful to you"; the words were spoken with some emotion.

The surgeon, grasping a towel, turned at the words and, while drying his hands, looked from the full height of his health and strength upon the frail figure in the bed; his thoughtful face showed that he had had other experiences than those of success.

"One can never be too grateful to a patient for getting well," he said at last.

The unexpected answer caused a gleam to appear in the Cardinal's quiet face, like lamplight within an alabaster vase.

"I suppose cases like mine are often dangerous?" he said tentatively.

"I lose about one in fourteen," was the simple answer. A remark followed as an afterthought: "it ought to be less than that with improved technique."

"As it is, the praise much outweighs the blame," said the Cardinal.

"In the meantime, both should be put into the waste-paper basket." The surgeon spoke disdainfully, for he recoiled from sentiment as if it were a form of dishonesty.

"Yes," was the quiet answer, "a man may do that if his whole life is a prayer."

There was a momentary pause during which the surgeon had imminent visions of cards in a game, of fencing foils, and of weapons unbated.

"You are using the sword of St. Michael," he said; "it is a big weapon—one does not expect to meet with it in a *Salle d'Armes*. If you think that I go about devoutly and pray for God's blessing on my work, it is only fair to say that I do nothing of the sort."

"Yet you cannot hide divine things behind a veil. Man cannot drop a curtain and act in front of it, as upon a stage. I shall believe your life is a prayer, because you have perfected your skill by reverent study and have been very good to me."

"I don't quite get at that," said the surgeon, after a pause. "How have I been very good to you?"

"Well, to begin with, I am very grateful that you did not take me into a nursing home. I do not forget that you let me retain my room. It was most kind of you. You must

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have sympathized with me. I also have a firm faith that you acted rightly."

"So have I," said the surgeon, "but I didn't care twopence about your feelings; that is to say, I never thought of them at all. I chose this room for surgical reasons. On the whole, things have gone very well, with the minimum of discomfort for everybody. The room needed little preparation, it was pretty free from contamination to start with, and it is no trouble to keep it clean."

"Perhaps it is something like an operating theatre?" The Cardinal put the question with a little curiosity.

"Well, it is a little more human than that," answered the surgeon with a rapid glance at floor and walls and ceiling. "Social life is not excluded altogether; there are the *pantoufles* and the arm-chair and the—the Crucifix."

"You did not banish them?" said the Cardinal.

"They are not compatible with absolutely ideal cleanliness, I own; but the risk was infinitesimal, and I preferred to see them there again when all was done. I think that even Your Eminence would not be happy under purely ideal conditions? I had them all turned out of the room when you were under the anæsthetic; but I had them brought back again when the dressing was finished. It is better to be a little human sometimes," he added apologetically, "but, for my purpose, one must have pure asepsis, and such things would be intolerable in an operating theatre."

"I am glad that you are not a fanatic when out of your temple."

"My temple? Well, perhaps in one sense an operating theatre is like one: it is full of rites and observances which the vulgar would not understand. No, I am not a fanatic; if I were, there would be no kissing, and I should sterilize my garments every day." The Cardinal smiled.

"You think it a *reductio ad absurdum*," said the surgeon; "but there is a very close analogy between a temple made with hands and one made without hands; both adopt ideals which are totally unfitted for ordinary life. To the public, absolute morality is as ridiculous as absolute cleanliness; both are like the precious metals which should be adapted to their use and be made active and energizing to their great advantage. Then they would think that they could scarcely have too much of either. On the whole, the world is trying to be clean, but anyone who was ideally clean

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might claim to be divine, though he would be a human monstrosity. Surgical cleanliness has a close parallel in the ideals of morality, of—Christianity? " Feeling that he was becoming a little daring, he put the last sentence interrogatively.

The Cardinal's face grew kinder. " I should like you to develop your thesis," he said, " but you must sit at the foot of my bed and talk while I listen. I shall not interrupt you unless you say something very extraordinary."

" I have nothing extraordinary to say," said the surgeon, seating himself and holding his knee in his clasped hands. " One might write a comic sketch on a household trying to be absolutely aseptic; they might, perhaps, be confronted with an overscrupulous cabman, refusing a half-sovereign on the ground that it was not pure gold. The Christian who turned his other cheek to the smiter might be introduced into the story. He would furnish a pathetic element. Each and every one of them would be an ideal egoist and consequently impossible to live with. Yet that is not to say that gold can lose any of its merit as gold by being mingled with alloy. We all know that it can be effective only when it is so mingled that it can retain an impress and pass from pocket to pocket undiminished in weight. Pure gold would be shapelessly dissipated in a short time. In exactly the same way, there is nothing so pure nor so ideal as the teaching of Christ, there is nothing finer; for the purpose of argument, let us say that it is all which gives value to conduct: yet it would be a grotesque misunderstanding of its intention to adopt it unqualifiedly as a standard for ordinary use. It is that notion which gives to mankind its present appearance of complete hypocrisy. There is the same exact parallel in the motion of absolute asepsis; we might as well attempt to carry it out in the ordinary home life of man; but cleanliness, none the less, contains an ideal within it, of which common sense does not desire to make a fetish with a ridiculous application. We know there are ideals in all these things, just as we have pure gold which gives its value to the currency. We cannot substitute something else. Paper money, debased coinage, inevitably lead to discredit and bankruptcy. To lower the standard is the aim of the forger or the coiner. Society instinctively deals with them; but pure gold and pure asepsis are not for common use; they would be absurd."

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He paused a moment, then said, "The engine is beginning to race; I am afraid it has been getting overheated?"

"Nay, it is running excellently," said the Cardinal; then, as if to start the machine going again, he said, "There are some things which the multitude can enjoy in absolute purity. I suppose you would give them pure water?"

"Certainly not," was the decided response, "perhaps I might give them normal saline. You would not understand that; but absolutely pure water will inflame an eye; you must make it suitable to the tissues for ordinary use by adding something, even if it be only common salt."

"Would not one, in that case, notice that anything was dropped into the eye?"

"Not if the temperature were the same. What is neutral to litmus paper is not neutral to the human tissues. It is but one illustration out of many in which the absolute may be shown to be harmful to humanity. For instance, a dilution truly beneficial in ordinary use may contain an alkaloid which, isolated in the pure state, may be a deadly poison."

"Your illustration introduces by analogy the idea that attenuated evil may be suitable for man?"

"Yes, I could show that to be true by a multitude of examples. We need the right use of intelligence. I could write a whole book about it if I had the time. Perhaps I shall do so some day."

"What would you call it? 'Human Philosophy'?"

"'Humane Philosophy' would be a better title; it would imply that there was some inhumanity in the absolute."

"The title would be much too savage for a philosophical treatise," said the Cardinal gently.

The surgeon considered for a moment whether what he had said merited such a criticism; but, having thought it over, he acknowledged its justice. "I have spoken with too much *parti pris*," he said, "but I have thought very much upon the subject and it runs away with me."

"You see things very clearly," said the Cardinal; "thinking is not quite the same thing."

"A vision is not thought? Oh, yes, but it is. I always think in flashes. They often come when my body is engaged in small automatic movements, sometimes ambulatory, but chiefly of the fingers—some of my best ideas have suddenly come into my mind while shaving. The attention is diverted

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together with the automatism, and then subconscious thoughts arise unhindered—at least, that is my hypothesis."

"The subconscious is ever busy with suggestion," said the Cardinal; "it makes you see things by juxtaposition in large blocks and masses."

"Vividly illuminated!" said the surgeon. He spoke with full conviction, knowing how far on his way his faculty had brought him.

"Yes," the Cardinal went on: "You have the faculty of the poet, of women too, who speak as you do, prompted by imagination, analogy and parallel. All you say is deeply interesting for that reason. Analogy and parallel illuminate and adorn speech, as you adorn it, but they do not guide our thought. They make things very clear, but they cannot by any possibility carry on an argument. They are born of emotion and give us but visualized memories. Whether a man of imagination be a romantic lover or a Macbeth, great emotion strikes out of him metaphor, analogy and parallel. Women are habitually emotional, and owing to that, from their very nature they cannot be argued with: they can only use metaphor, analogy, and parallel in endless succession, under the delusion that they are thinking."

"It makes their conversation very interesting and suggestive," interposed the surgeon chivalrously.

"That may be," was the dry answer.

"You do not mind my talking to you?" asked the surgeon, as if some further response were necessary; "I may never get the chance again."

"Nay, speak as you will. You interest me very deeply. I, too, may never get the chance again."

"Understanding that I would hurt no man's feelings? I am not, perhaps, sufficiently master of my phraseology. I should bitterly regret giving you any offense, for it would be given quite unintentionally. May I feel that I am speaking from mind to mind as one who is on a quest, merely seeking to know?"

"That you are merely seeking to know," said the Cardinal, "cannot possibly be any offense. Speak in what terms you will, so that you make me understand. Our subject is not religion but the heart of man."

"Then, I may fly in a blue sky and meet with no fowler's snares?"

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"Nay, what did I say of metaphor?" was the unexpected answer. "You would be at a material disadvantage if at the outset you postulated for me a divine intelligence and limited your own so far."

The surgeon laughed. "You are what a school-boy would call a good sort," he said—"I will imagine that we are both sitting in the same shadow of the tree of knowledge. No!" he said, observing a slight movement of the Cardinal's hand, "I may have to use some metaphor, but if I do it will be solely to make my meaning clear, and you may neglect it except as a means of expression."

"I shall try to take no unfair advantage," the Cardinal remarked good-humoredly. "Anyhow, we are both looking at the same thing, that is, humanity?"

"I think I mean more than that," answered the surgeon; "I am endeavoring to find a reasonable relation between the divine and the human."

"We are looking at the same thing," the Cardinal repeated, "even though the ground upon which you stand seems to me to be unconsecrated ground."

"Why unconsecrated? There always seems to me to be something concealed, a foregranted assumption, in the ecclesiastical mind, over which one stumbles."

"There is none now. I am standing with you upon your own ground, seeing things from your point of view, but I see something different. The secular view of the union of the human with the divine is so ancient that we seem to be taking our stand in antiquity. In the old ages they believed that there was no difference between Man and God. To the student of theology you are in that position. A casuist would not think your position complex, but very simple. But, as I have said, I am content to be with you on your own ground, for all that you say is interesting. You speak in a new language, yet I can understand it without difficulty."

But the surgeon would not give way. "I cannot recognize theology as a specialized study," he said; "it should be simple. The position of theologians is not only complex, but is self-induced by too much rumination. They live surrounded by a quagmire, through which it is not worth while to thread one's way so long as one can help oneself. The road of morality is straight enough to all intelligent men. But I am not an agnostic. I fully believe in the divinity of Christ and in His teaching. My case is this:

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He has shown to mankind abstract morality, the thing itself, stainless and undefiled, without alloy. As such it is wholly unfitted for man's use, for, being infinitely pure, it is more difficult of attainment than is pure gold or pure asepsis, which by comparison are infinitely little. Why not frankly acknowledge it? It would not desecrate the written word to make with it a moral standard possible for life and suitable for human reason. The life of man is now so conditioned that he cannot live without hypocrisy. It ought not to be so. Cannot man live with and strive for a pure currency or for home cleanliness without a sense of guilt? In the same way his reason should teach him to lead a higher life, recognizing fully all the time that that which gives to such a life any value comes not from him but from the divine teaching of our Lord."

The surgeon paused, then simply added, "I think I have said all that I wanted to say."

"You have said it very well; it is clear and distinct; I have heard many a worse lay sermon."

"Then you agree with me? You think I am right?"

"That is rather a *non-sequitur*. I do not even see your argument."

"But you said just now that it was clear and distinct?"

"You have called up a series of pictures by the use of relatives, just as the poet uses metaphor and parallel in order to express emotion. What you have done is to give me a very vivid presentment of your own state of mind, but I might think there was matter for comment rather than for commendation." The Cardinal smiled so kindly that he deprived what he was saying of any offense; the surgeon smiled in response.

"You believe I am capable only of stringing together a series of suggestions?"

"No, no!" was the Cardinal's genial disclaimer. "I have no doubt you think in close sequence when your subject is pure asepsis, and that you do not then need the intrusion of religion as a parallel."

The surgeon thought a little, and then said, "I should like to hear your comment on my parallel, notwithstanding."

Towards him the Cardinal suddenly turned his face. It was illumined as if he were about to pour forth a torrent of words, then his expression softened into one of affection.

"Have you not found that when you hold another's hand

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for long enough all sense of holding it gradually disappears?"

"Yes, it is so. All differences fade until perception ceases."

"But if either hand be suddenly taken away?"

"Sense is awakened? Yes!"

"You say that some solutions dropped into the eye are unnoticeable?"

"Yes, it is so."

"You would say that tissues react only to a stimulus?"

"Conditionally, yes."

"Does not the poet speak of a cloud 'which with a thought the rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, as water is in water'?"

"Who could forget it? It is in *Antony and Cleopatra.*"

"It is a very clear vision of a subtlety, is it not?"

"Wondrously clear, for what seems to be still there is non-existent to any sense."

"Like the faith, felt not seen, of the divine in man?"

"That is the basis of my argument," said the surgeon. "I feel that being as we are, this muddy vesture of decay so grossly hems us in that of things too spiritualized we can hear nothing."

"The meaning of Pythagoras may have been that the music of the spheres is not heard because it has been always with us from eternity."

"If it is never heard it might as well not be there at all," said the surgeon contemptuously.

"*Supposing it were suddenly taken away?*"

The surgeon crossed his arms and sat thinking, unconsciously gazing at the crucifix.

"It was very subtly done," at last he said, admiring the Cardinal's dexterity.

But the Cardinal was grave. "I think that allegory is no guidance for conduct," he went on; "it makes men interpret things as other than they are. Yet you talk like a poet; it is no mean thing: it is to be richly endowed like a prince. You rightly wear your pride as a brocade; but do not mistake it for the cope of a priest. What is the position of scientific men? I think they may be likened to Greek philosophers secure in the protection of a Roman civilization, but bringing the gods of Hellas with them, ancient deities which are ever being reborn with each new discovery. How good

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seems all that you have said! But it is too full of content for man; it would so dull his senses that he would never know that there might have been a place for him in Paradise."

"But I postulated a stimulus."

"As indistinct as water is in water, or your fluid to the eye. You would need a priesthood of your own to recall man to his senses. Better an irritant or a lightning flash. I do not think that you yourself see how little gallant is your position. You would make, through analogy, an abiding excuse for the shortcomings of the society in which you live, nothing more. I cannot understand why you esteem that to be a doctrine fitting to be preached to imperfect man."

"I must acknowledge that it is not fitted for the simple."

"Yet it is an adaptation of divine injunction to a lower level so that 'men may construe things after their own fashion.' You lay the soul open to excuses for dereliction of the duty imposed upon it."

"But the multitude will not accept an impossible standard which they know to be unworkable."

"Yes, they will. An absolute ideal of life is the only thing they can understand. You will be noble enough to accept without offense what I say: but you speak as a child who does not know the heart of man."

"I wonder if I do?" said the surgeon in reverie. "It seems to me that what I have said contains a simple truth."

"You are doing good work in the world, with extraordinary aptitude. From love of the work, is it not? You love it so much that it is sufficient in itself; even my own gratitude is nothing to you, though it is intelligently given. You find in your work something which blinds your inward spirit. You are too self-secure. I dread your analogies even for yourself; they offer you a plausible philosophy which you should not trust even for your own guidance; you would be a better man without them."

"I have to catch the train to Exeter," said the surgeon abruptly, feeling that he had talked enough to a sick man. He looked at his watch and rose at once. "I have but twenty minutes. Good-by," he said with a smile.

"Another operation?" said the Cardinal. "Yours is a busy life."

"And even a railway train," replied the surgeon through the closing door, "may be an oasis of delight."

PAUL M. CHAPMAN, M.D.

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SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MARY SHELLEY

BY FLORENCE BOYLSTON PELO

THIS collection comprises twenty-three unpublished autograph letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the gifted wife of the poet, written to their intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt. Delightful old letters they are, on age-yellowed paper, with broken seals and ink browned by time; they take us back a century, and gladly enough one goes, to be in such excellent company as that of Shelley, Keats, Lord Byron, and Charles Lamb.

The friendship between Hunt and Shelley began about 1812, when the young man Shelley sought counsel from him on a manuscript poem; it ripened at the time Hunt was consigned to jail for libeling the Prince Regent in an article from his pen in the *Examiner*. Hunt says in his autobiography that "the imprisonment brought him acquainted with Shelley." In 1816 Shelley visited Hunt, and after the suicide of Harriet Westbrook, Shelley's first wife, Hunt proved in every way a valued and a sympathetic friend. Shelley was in need of sympathy, and Hunt gave it warmly. A deep intimacy followed, lasting throughout Shelley's lifetime; and after his death the Hunts were close and near to his widow, and Leigh Hunt gave her much valuable advice and assistance in the compilation of the poet's works.

As the years progressed, the Shelleys and the Hunts were frequent visitors at each other's houses. Hunt possessed little business acumen, and Shelley's purse was always at his disposal, while Hunt availed himself of every opportunity to defend his friend against the all too numerous attacks of the press. It was with Mr. and Mrs. Hunt that Shelley passed his last day in London. His last letter

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contained a reference to Hunt, and his last literary production was a poem welcoming him to Italy. It is a strange coincidence and a striking affirmation of their mutual affection that Hunt's last public statement had reference also to Shelley. In Shelley's letters to Hunt there are many affectionate allusions. Many times he calls him his best and only friend, and in the beautiful letter dedicating *The Cenci* to him there is a marked evidence of Shelley's appreciation of Hunt's qualities as a friend; Hunt, we know, proclaimed late in life that his proudest title was "Friend of Shelley." Their friendship is a simple tale of an intimacy founded on a sympathetic companionship, on common needs, hopes, sacrifices, and experiences. They were not only devoted friends, but Shelley was the connecting link between Byron and Hunt. Mrs. Hunt disliked Byron, and the aversion was reciprocated. Shelley's tact must have often been needed to create harmony among those diverse personalities.

The Shelleys were so happy in Italy that they wished the Hunts to join them there, and it was at Shelley's instigation that Hunt gave up the editorship of the *Examiner* and started out for Italy. "Put your music and your books on board a vessel and you will have no more trouble," wrote Shelley. The journey proved a disastrous adventure for them all. Shelley went to Leghorn to meet them, and after seeing them well settled in a portion of Lord Byron's palace, which had been placed at their disposal, he started back to Lerici. The boat capsized and he was drowned. With his death perished Hunt's chief hope in life—Shelley's project of going shares with him and Byron in periodical work to be conducted in Italy. Hunt was present at the burning of Shelley's body, and wrote the Latin inscription for the slab on his grave in Rome, while Trelawny added a quotation of his own choosing from *The Tempest*. Hunt's own copy of Keats' last book was found in a pocket of Shelley's coat, with a page turned down at *The Eve of St. Agnes*, indicating that he had been reading it at the moment of the disaster. It was burned with his body.

These letters of Mrs. Shelley's, taken chronologically, illuminate not only many important facts in the lives of these men of genius, but also much that is interesting in the lives of those of lesser greatness—Claire Clairmont and Emilia Viviani, Peacock and Hogg, Sir Timothy and Mrs. Shelley, and the various members of their interesting

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circles. But more than all, they give an especial insight into the character of Mary Shelley, and attest her sweetness and gentleness and lovableness. To her, the world's debt is ever great, for her influence was large upon Shelley. It is almost superfluous, therefore, to observe that these letters are of much literary and historical importance.

The first five letters were written in the Spring of 1817, when the Shelleys were living in Marlow. The first is dated March 2, 1817, some two months after their marriage, which was made possible by Harriet Shelley's death. Claire Clairmont, the daughter of William Godwin's second wife by a former husband, is introduced in the first letter. Because of her ability to speak French she accompanied Shelley and his wife to Switzerland in 1814, and in 1816, when they revisited the continent, she also went with them. At Geneva they met Byron, of whose subsequent *liaison* with Claire the Shelleys were quite ignorant. When they returned to England, Claire continued to live with them, and in January, 1817, she gave birth to a daughter—Allegra, the baby mentioned in this letter. Byron agreed to be responsible for the child, who seems to have been the cause of great unhappiness and continued wrangling between Claire and Byron and the Shelleys, which, however, came to an end with the death of the child in April, 1822. Claire is described as a beautiful, romantic girl of brilliant talents. She never married, but became a governess in Russia after Shelley's death.

In this series Mrs. Shelley mentions Thomas Love Peacock, the author of *Palmyra* and other poems. He was a close student of Greek, and he and Shelley were brought together through their mutual love of that language, and became fast friends. He accompanied Shelley and Harriet on a trip to Scotland, and it is said that his sympathies at the time of their separation were with Harriet, though he made no interference. Peacock was the recipient of Shelley's beautiful descriptive letters from Italy, which Symonds says are the most perfect specimens of descriptive prose in the English language. Mrs. Shelley also gives a little advice to Mrs. Hunt in the management of her husband by saying, "Cultivate his affections and cherish and enjoy his society, and I am sure my dear Mary Anne will find her prospects clear very sensibly." Certain biographers say that Mrs. Hunt was a source of great unhappiness to her husband;

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she was ill a good deal, they had several children (who, according to Carlyle, were most badly behaved), and she shared with Hunt a certain incapacity for business, and was unable to manage her household. Another reference of Mrs. Shelley is to Mrs. Godwin, her stepmother and Claire's mother. She says: "Shelley mentions Mrs. G's favor; is she not an odious woman?"

The last of the Marlow letters in this collection is a very remarkable one to Leigh Hunt, in which Mrs. Shelley urges them to come to Marlow. She tells him that their house is nearly settled, and that the statues have arrived. This refers, probably, to the statuary with which Shelley surrounded himself in his study. We are told that copies of the Venus di Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, and other replicas of antiquity were always about him when he wrote indoors. In this letter Thomas Hogg is mentioned for the first time. He was an intimate friend of Shelley's early years, and the one in whose care he left Harriet Westbrook at Edinburgh shortly after their elopement, when he was obliged to make a hasty business trip to London. Hogg was a lawyer who is best known today as the biographer of Shelley's youth, and especially of his short career at Oxford. Toward the end of this letter the young poet Keats, who had succeeded in having a sonnet published in the *Examiner*, is mentioned, and the reference to him in this letter to Leigh Hunt, and to one of the first recognitions of his genius, is of great interest and peculiar significance, because it was at a gathering of poets in Leigh Hunt's cottage at Hampstead, one February evening in 1817, that Keats and Shelley met. We know that they liked each other from the outset, and that they were friends throughout Keats' lifetime. What Shelley thought of Keats, and how he and others had loved and admired the dead poet, is, of course, supremely told in the *Adonais*, of which he himself said, "I confess I should be surprised if that poem were born to an immortality of oblivion." This letter to the Hunts is as follows:

Marlow, March 18th, 1817.

My dear Friend:

We have not received any letter from you, but have heard from Claire that your friend Mr. Horace Smith is ill. I hope, however, that when you receive this you will find him so far restored as to free you from anxiety. The *Examiner* of this week also says a great

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deal for you. I am glad to see you write much and well, as it shews your mind is at peace. I am now writing in the library of our house in which we are to sleep tonight for the first time. It is very comfortable and expectant of its promised guests. The statues are arrived and everything is getting on. Come then, dear good creatures, and let us enjoy with you the beauty of the Marlow sun and the pleasant walks that will give you all health spirits & *industry*.

Hogg is at present a visitor of Peacock. I do not like him and I think he is more disagreeable than ever. I would not have him come every week to disturb our peace by his ill humour and noise for all the world. Both of the menagerie[1] were very much scandalized by the praise and sonnet of Keats, and mean, I believe, to petition against the publication of any more. It was transferred to the *Chronicle*—is that an honour?

I have a word or two to say to Mrs. Hunt & not having any more paper in the house tonight & it being too late to get more I must with this country excuse cut short my letter to you. Write and if you wish it you shall have a long answer.

Your affectionate Friend

MARINA.

It is very impertinent to give the lady the last place, but I did not know how little paper I had when I began.

My dear Mary Anne:

My little red box is not yet arrived & I am in agony. I hope it is sent; if not, pray send it with the rest of the things I mentioned in the list. What about a servant—if you get one let her be a *good* cook for I think we must have two and I can easily get a housemaid. Do not entirely agree with one until you let me know. Have you given Claire Lord B's letters yet—she mentions that you had not in a letter we had from her today. They will give her so much pleasure.

William is very well & can now walk alone but I am afraid his teeth will put him back again—how is Swynburn and the rest of your babies—kiss them for me and give my love to Miss Kent.

I hope Hunt will criticize Melincourt next week. Have you been to see Cymbeline or the Opera?

Take care of yourself, my dear girl. I long to see you all down here & hope, for Hunt's sake, that we shall by that time have received the long with-held hairbrush.

Most affectionately Yrs.

MARY W. S.

Shelley sends his love to you all.

The next ten letters were written from Italy, and a year elapsed between the last of those written from Marlow, and

[1] In her reference to Peacock and Hogg, Mrs. Shelley first wrote: "Both of these wise men were very much scandalized," etc.; but she changed it to read "the menagerie," evidently as a play on words.

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the first one from Milan. The Shelleys went to Italy because of Shelley's failing health, and because England had always been ungentle toward Mary. They did not dream that Shelley would never again see his native shores, or that Mary, when she would recross the seas, would be alone and lonely. But they appear to have had no homeward yearnings, so enchanted were they with the land of their adoption. They went directly to Milan because of Shelley's wish to settle somewhere on the shores of Como, that loveliest of Italian lakes; but as they were unable to find there the accomodations they wished, considerable time was spent in traveling about in Tuscany—Pisa, Leghorn, Bagni di Lucca. The time passed delightfully for them both. They worked together, sang together, dreamed together, played together, and found that which they so ardently sought in Italy—peace and love. The happiest as well as the saddest days of Mary Shelley's life were spent there. The happiest in the companionship of her husband in a warm and sympathetic land; the saddest in the loss of her two children and later of Shelley himself.

In Milan, Mrs. Shelley went to the opera, and she wrote a long description of it to the Hunts; but it was in Rome that she found the greatest delights, and her letters from there are sincere, frank, delicate in observation, and full of unconscious grace. From the point of view of fine prose, the letters from the Eternal City are probably the best that this collection affords. She writes:

> We pass our days in viewing the divinest statues in the world. You have seen the casts of most of them, but the originals are infinitely superior, and besides you continually see some new one of heavenly beauty that one never saw before. There is an Apollo, it is Shelley's favorite, in the Museum of the Capitol—he is standing leaning back with his feet crossed—one arm supports a lyre, the other hand holds the instrument to play on it, and his head is thrown back, as he is in the act of being inspired, and the expression of his countenance, especially the lower part, is more beautiful than you can imagine. There are a quantity of female figures in the attitude of Venus di Medici . . . there is a Diana hunting—her dress girded about her—she has just let fly an arrow and watches its success with eagerness and joy. . . . Indeed it is a scene of perpetual enchantment to live in this thrice holy city. The other night we visited the Pantheon by moonlight and saw the lovely sight of the moon appearing through the round aperture above and lighting the columns of the Rotunda with its rays. But my letter would

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never be at an end if I were to tell a millionth part of the delights of Rome—but it has such an effect on me that my past life before I saw it appears a blank, and now I begin to live. In the churches you hear the music of heaven and the singing of angels.

Later she writes:

I suppose that Peacock shows you Shelley's letters, so I need not describe those objects which delight us so much here. We live surrounded by antiquity ruined and perfect, besides seeing the lovely pictures of your favorite Raphael, who is the Prince or rather God of painting (I mean a heathen God, not a bungling modern divinity), and there are delightful painters beside him, Guido would be a great favorite of yours. . . . Rome is stuffed with the loveliest statues in the world—a much greater number than one has any idea of until one sees them, and most of them in the most perfect state. Besides our eternal visits to these divine objects, Claire is learning singing, I painting, and S. is writing a poem, so that the *belle arte* take up all our time.

The poem of Shelley mentioned here is doubtless his greatest one, *Prometheus Unbound*, most of which was written among the beautiful and solitary ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. A reference to Southey is made in the following paragraph: "You seem certain that Southey did not write the number in the *Quarterly*, but if he spares us in print he does not in conversation, as we have good authority to know, and he speaks in the grossest manner . . . but that is all nothing." Shelley's association with Southey was brief, but nevertheless he was an admirer of Southey's poetry, the study of which left its mark in Shelley's early work. The allusion quoted above is to a savage attack on Shelley in the *Quarterly Review*. Shelley accused Southey of writing it, and in a letter called for a disavowal. Southey denied it, and was able to prove his innocence. Mrs. Shelley closed this letter by speaking of Lord Byron and Allegra, who were in Venice: "All goes on there as badly with the noble poet as ever. I fear he is a lost man if he does not escape soon, Allegra is there with a friend of his and ours."

From Rome the Shelleys went to Leghorn, and Mrs. Shelley's letters from there are full of sadness and melancholy over the death of her little son, William, who died in Rome on the seventh day of June, 1819. This bitter loss was a calamity which almost broke their hearts, following as it did the loss of their little daughter, Clara, who died at Venice the year before. She writes:

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We came to Italy thinking to do Shelley's health good—but the climate is not by any means warm enough to be of benefit to him, and yet it is that that has destroyed my two children . . . We went from England comparatively prosperous and happy—I should return broken hearted and miserable . . . I never know one moment's ease from the wretchedness and despair that possesses me. May you, my dear Marianne, never know what it is to lose two only and lovely children in one year—to watch their dying moments and then at last to be left childless and forever miserable . . . these were the fruits of this hateful Italy.

In another letter from Leghorn she says that Shelley has gone to Florence to take up lodgings for them. They expect to spend the winter there "somewhat dully . . . since we shall not know a soul there, and there is little to amuse us looking at one another and reading what we already too well know." In a postscript of this letter she mentions the Gisbornes:

I must say a word of Mr. Gisborne whom you will see—you will find him a very dull man—but if you take any trouble about him you will be well repaid when Mrs. G. joins him, for she is an excellent woman, and, what you will think praise, very much attached to Shelley—to me too, perhaps, but I am nothing now, and it is impossible any one can much like so dull a person.

At the time of the death of Mrs. Shelley's mother, Mrs. Gisborne, then Mrs. Reveley, took charge of Mary. Godwin, Mary's father, proposed marriage to Mrs. Gisborne, but she declined. She was a charming, accomplished woman for whom Shelley had great admiration. In later years Mrs. Shelley derived much comfort from an extensive correspondence with her after Shelley's untimely death.

In Florence, Mrs. Shelley's spirits recovered somewhat. Their son, Percy, who succeeded to the Baronetcy, was born there on November 12, 1819, and with his advent the world grew brighter. To Mrs. Hunt she wrote:

I am very well and the little boy also. He is my only one and although he is so healthy and promising . . . I cannot fear—yet it is a bitter thought that all should be risked on one, yet how much sweeter than to be childless as I was for five hateful months.

In this letter she makes an inquiry regarding *The Mask of Anarchy,* which Shelley had sent to Leigh Hunt. She refers to a possible visit of Shelley to England, which was subsequently abandoned, and says: "You may judge

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by what Shelley has sent to England that he has been very busily employed, and besides this he often spends many hours at the Gallery admiring and studying the statues and pictures." Besides *The Mask of Anarchy*, Shelley had sent to England *The Cenci*, the writing of which had been suggested by Mary Shelley, who had perceived how his imagination had been affected by the story of Beatrice Cenci. It was begun and finished in Florence. *Prometheus Unbound* was finished and sent, and also *Julian and Maddalo*. It was during this year in Florence that the poet's genius attained its finest expression. One of his chief pleasures while there was to walk alone in the Cascine, and it was there that he received the inspiration for the *Ode to the West Wind*.

Early in the year 1820 the Shelleys went to Pisa because of the severe weather which prevailed in Florence, and because "Vacca, the most famous surgeon in Italy, has told Shelley to take care of himself and strengthen himself, but to take no medicine." Mrs. Shelley's first letter from Pisa to Mrs. Hunt contains a long description of that city, of their apartment on the Lung' Arno where "for the first time in our lives we get on easily, our minds undisturbed by weekly bills and expenses." There is also a denunciation of Cant, "the God or abominable idol before whom . . . the English are offering up a sacrifice of blood and liberty." The Manchester Massacre of August 16, 1819, and attacks on the liberty of the press, moved Shelley to great indignation, which found expression in *The Mask of Anarchy* and in a treatise entitled *The Philosophical Review of Reform*, which was never published. In this letter Mary Shelley states that she prefers to stay in Italy, and adds, "Since I have seen Rome, that city is my country."

Another of the Pisan letters to Leigh Hunt is written in Italian, and in it she praises the Queen and denounces the villainous King. She described a new acquaintance, Professor Pacchani, who she says is "really the only Italian who has a heart and soul." She adds, "There is another acquaintance of ours, romantic and pathetic, a young girl of 19 years of age, the daughter of a Florentine nobleman, very beautiful, very talented, who writes Italian with an elegancy and delicacy equal to the foremost authors of the best Italian epoch." This reference is to Emilia Viviani, whose beauty so deeply stirred the imagination of Shelley

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that he wrote the *Epipsychidion,* in which he relates the successive endeavors of his spirit after the attainment of ideal love. This he encountered in the interesting and faultlessly beautiful Emilia Viviani, and set forth in that "supreme poem of unfettered and uncircumscribed love." Mary Shelley also portrayed Emilia in the Clorinda of her novel *Lodore.*

Nearly three years elapsed before the next letter, which was written from Paris, August 18, 1823, to Leigh Hunt in Florence. In the meantime Shelley was drowned (July, 1822), at which time the Hunts had gone to Italy. Mrs. Shelley lived with them at Genoa the winter following her husband's death, and this letter was written while she was en route to England with her little son, the future baronet. In it she describes a three day's visit to Versailles with Horace Smith and the Kennys, who told her all about a recent visit of Charles and Mary Lamb to France, and of how Mary Lamb was taken ill "in her usual way" and Charles Lamb found the French wine too good for him. Kenny was loud in his praise of Miss Lamb, "saying that he thought her a faultless creature, possessing every virtue under heaven. He was annoyed to find L. more reserved and shut up than usual—avoiding his old friends and not so cordial or so amiable as his wont. I asked him about Hazlitt. This love-sick youth, jilted by Infelice, has taken to falling in love. He told Kenny that whereas formerly he thought women silly unamusing toys, and people with whose society he was delighted to dispense, he was now only happy where they were, and given up to the admiration of their interesting foibles and amiable weaknesses. He is the humble servant of all marriageable young ladies." She continues: "Wordsworth was in town not long ago, publishing and looking old" . . . and "Coleridge is well, having been ill." She refers to a dramatized version of her *Frankenstein,* then running in London with some success, and to a song which Jane Williams used to sing, heard on the harp at the Kennys. It affected her so that she entreated them to cease. "How could I bear the mimickry of that voice—the witch, to recall such scenes!" (Shelley had delighted in Jane Williams' singing.) She speaks of her future plans and Lord Byron's wish that she should write to Lady Shelley: "I did not, for one hates to beg." She says: "My dearest Hunt, your letters are a great consolation to me—I will write my last

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un-English letter to you from Calais." Mrs. Kenny told her that she was very like her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, from whom Mrs. Shelley inherited many of her ideas. Mary Wollstonecraft wrote one great book: a vindication of the rights of women, in which she prophesied the day when women would have social, economic, and political freedom. It was her opinion, also, that the only love worthy of the name was that which is free and spontaneous, and which lives and thrives because of its own sweetness and purity. After her unhappy experience in Paris with Imlay, however, she decided that it was unwise to offend society, so she became the legal wife of William Godwin.

From London Mrs. Shelley wrote to Leigh Hunt asking him to aid her in the publication of Shelley's posthumous poems, which "we have begun to print." "I need hardly answer what you say about putting off the publication for a year . , . Shelley has celebrity, even popularity now—a year ago greater interest would perhaps have been excited than now by this volume—but who knows what may happen before the next . . . do you, my best friend, assist me in making it complete—send me what you prepare." The book was published in 1824 without the notice Leigh Hunt was to contribute. In this letter she speaks of Mrs. Williams, who is "as impatient as I of England and the rest of it." This is the Jane Williams immortalized in a number of Shelley's poems. Her husband, an intimate friend of Shelley, perished with him. When Mrs. Williams returned to England she became the wife of Hogg. She mentions Miss Curran, and begs Mrs. Hunt, who was skillful in cutting profiles, to send one of Shelley to Miss Curran to aid her in completing the picture she had painted of Shelley when they were at Rome. This portrait had been laid aside unfinished as a failure. It is the only authentic portrait of Shelley in existence. In her journal for September 17, 1825, Mrs. Shelley wrote: "Thy picture is come, my only one! Thine, those speaking eyes, that animated look, unlike aught earthly wert thou ever and art now."

In a long letter to Mrs. Hunt she states that her mode of life in England is little agreeable to her: "My only comfort is in my child's growth and health and in the society of Mrs. Williams." She asks for news of Trelawny and wishes that he had been at Missolonghi . . . "His activity and kindness might have prevented Byron's death." She speaks

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at some length of music in England, mentions Proctor and Lamb, and says that she has heard from Claire: "Poor girl, she is dismally tossed about, so much so that perhaps she may return to England." From Kentish Town in June, 1827, she writes to Leigh Hunt regarding his approaching return to England: "You can hardly be more delighted at the idea of returning to Tottenham Ct. Road and the Hampstead Coachmen, than are your friends that you should return, and return with pleasure to these things . . . I think of Italy as a vision of delight afar off. . . . Had you seen Italy as I saw it—and had I seen it as you—we should each be delighted with our present residence, nor for the world's treasure change." Toward the end of another letter to Hunt from Brighton she refers in an affectionate manner to her first meeting with him nine years earlier, "in the bust and flower adorned parlor" in his cottage in the Vale of Heath.

In 1835 Mrs. Shelley went to Harrow to be near her son, who was at Harrow School, and in a letter to Hunt from there in February of that year she mentions her novel, *Lodore,* which was about to be published, and the *Lives of Eminent Literary Men,* on which she was engaged at that time. She refers also to her husband's father and mother: "I wish I could look with the indulgence you do on Shelley's relations. Sir Tim, indeed, were he here alone, I could manage . . . violent as he is, he has a heart and I am sure I could have made a friend of him. It is Lady S. who is my bitter enemy—and her motive is the base one of securing more money for herself . . . besides, her conduct having been very open to censure, she naturally attacks me."

The last four letters were all written in the year 1839 and are addressed to Leigh Hunt. They refer largely to the compilation of Shelley's poems and prose works, on which Mrs. Shelley had been engaged since 1836. In regard to the poems she writes: "Except that I do not like the idea of a mutilated edition, I have no scruple of conscience about leaving out the expressions which Shelley would never have printed in after life. I have a great love for *Queen Mab;* he was proud of it when I first knew him—and it is associated with the bright young days of both of us." In her journal of Feb. 12, 1839, Mary Shelley wrote: "I much dislike leaving out any of *Queen Mab* . . . and even wish I had resisted to the last." She yielded because she was told that certain portions of it would injure the sale. Trelawny sent back the

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volume to Moxon in a rage at seeing parts left out, and Hogg wrote " an insulting letter " because the dedicatory verses to Harriet were to be omitted. In thanking Hunt for his offer of assistance Mrs. Shelley wrote: " The edition will be mine . . . in a future edition if you will add any of your own peculiarly delightful notes it will make the book more valuable to every reader, but our notes must be independent of each other." In reference to the prose of Shelley she asks Hunt's advice on several portions of it—especially with regard to the translation of the *Symposium.* She praises Hunt's play, *A Legend of Florence,* which was successfully produced at Covent Garden in 1840. " It is admirably written. It is full of beautiful & elevated & true morality clothed in poetry." In the last of these twenty-three letters, as in the first, Claire Clairmont is mentioned. " I have desired to fix a day when you shall meet Claire, but have not been able." She asks also about some omissions in the letters of Shelley which Hunt had published, and says that " Percy is very anxious to learn " when his play will appear.

Mary Shelley was only nineteen when the first of these letters was written and but twenty-three when she wrote the last of the Italian series. She lived to be fifty-two years of age, and it is interesting to know that her friendship with the Hunts continued throughout her lifetime. She was in her twenty-fifth year when Shelley died, a woman of rare beauty and accomplishment. She had many suitors, among them John Howard Payne, the homeless author of *Home, Sweet Home;* but she did not marry a second time. Her life seemed never to be detached from that of Shelley. Her youth was passed in waiting for him; eight years of perfect companionship were passed with him, and the remaining twenty-eight years of her life were devoted to the publication of his works, and to the care and education of their son.

This correspondence on the Hunts' side is also exceedingly interesting. The letters of Leigh Hunt to Shelley and to Mrs. Shelley throw much light on the character of Hunt, and affirm the generosity and enthusiasm which were his salient qualities. The most interesting are those which contain the accounts of his work on the *Indicator,* a publication which had the support of Hazlitt and Lamb and which contains the finest of Leigh Hunt's work as an essayist. Shortly after Hunt's return to England in 1825 he published *Lord*

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Byron and His Contemporaries; with Recollections of the Author's Life and his Visit to Italy. Because of its frank criticism of Byron the book created a sensation, and speedily went into a second edition. From the year 1844 until his death at the age of seventy-four, in 1859, Hunt received an allowance of one hundred and twenty pounds a year from the Shelley estate, which, together with another annuity, made comfortable the declining years of his life.

Mrs. Hunt, who was always frail and ailing, led a quiet and domestic life and lived to be sixty-nine, outliving the great Vacca, who said while attending her upon her arrival in Italy that, at best, she could live but a few months.

Hunt's services to Shelley cannot be overestimated. He was cheerful, enthusiastic, courageous, and these qualities, combined with his unfailing devotion to the poet, were of inestimable value. Shelley, proportionately as frail in physique as he was robust in intellect, needed the generous encouragement that Hunt so unsparingly gave him; and we know of the deep-rooted affection that Shelley and his wife had for Hunt. Probably no one, save Mrs. Shelley, loved the poet as Hunt loved him. He worshiped Shelley's spirit as the finest and the most undefiled in the world. In the following paragraph, as lovely as it is sincere, we have in Leigh Hunt's own words the evidence of his unqualified admiration for Shelley:

> He was like a spirit that had darted out of its orbit and found itself in another world. I used to tell him that he had come from the planet Mercury. When I heard of the catastrophe that overtook him, it seemed as if this spirit, not sufficiently constituted like the rest of the world to obtain their sympathy, yet gifted with a double portion of love for all living things, had been found dead in a solitary corner of the earth, its wings stiffened, its warm heart cold; the relics of a misunderstood nature slain by the ungenial elements.

FLORENCE BOYLSTON PELO.

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THE PASSENGERS OF A RETARDED SUBMERSIBLE

By W. D. Howells

The American People

What was it kept you so long, brave German submersible?
We have been very anxious lest matters had not gone well
With you and the precious cargo of your country's drugs and dyes.
But here you are at last, and the sight is good for our eyes,
Glad to welcome you up and out of the caves of the sea,
And ready for sale or barter, whatever your will may be.

The Captain of the Submersible

Oh do not be impatient, good friends of this neutral land,
That we have been so tardy in reaching your eager strand.
We were stopped by a curious chance just off the Irish coast,
Where the mightiest wreck ever was lay crowded with a host
Of the dead that went down with her; and some prayed us to bring them here
That they might be at home with their brothers and sisters dear.
We Germans have tender hearts, and it grieved us sore to say
We were not a passenger ship, and to most we must answer nay,
But if from among their hundreds they could somehow a half-score choose
We thought we could manage to bring them, and we would not refuse.
They chose, and the women and children that are greeting you here are those
Ghosts of the women and children that the rest of the hundred chose.

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THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

What guff are you giving us, Captain? We are able to tell, we hope,
A dozen ghosts, when we see them, apart from a periscope.
Come, come, get down to business! For time is money you know,
And you must make up in both to us for having been so slow.
Better tell this story of yours to the submarines, for we
Know there was no such wreck, and none of your spookery.

THE GHOSTS OF THE *Lusitania* WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Oh, kind kin of our murderers, take us back when you sail away;
Our own kin have forgotten us. O, Captain, do not stay!
But hasten, Captain, hasten! The wreck that lies under the sea
Shall be ever the home for us this land can never be.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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I

TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM

'Mortem virtus communem famam historia
Monumentum posteritas dedit'[1]

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

To victor and vanquished together slain
This epitaph is meed; each be compeer
With the elect of fame, till to revere
Proud feats which immolation crave is vain
Accounted in nobility's demesne;
Till virtue would her treasures auctioneer
To shame, and earth impoverished the cheer
And saving grace of sun and cloud disdain.

Though outer darkness your dear lands enfold
In vision see the yester hate, today
Prevailing love; and 'gainst the morrow's sky
Ensigned renown, whereby shall be extoll'd
A common martyrdom—sentinelled way
For faith's resurgent soul that shall not die.

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[1] Inscription on the Quebec monument.

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II

GOLD OF TOULOUSE

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

Fevered desire to pyrrhic quests is borne
Through circling dust; unprivileged to see,
How rhadamantine fate, by fell decree,
Ordains that deed, aflower with but thorn
And perished leaf—bereft the fair adorn
From temperate mind and reverent knee—
Shall testify the soul's apostasy,
And be of things by rectitude forsworn.

Profane adventure with insensate throng,
Adverse to the Remnant, would old shrines pass
With greedy feet; and, loathful to peruse
Dissuading truth, may sacrilegious wrong
Condone and vaunt, and, for reward, amass
Ill's treasures in the cursed Gold of Toulouse.

Joseph S. Auerbach.

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A USE FOR CONTEMPORARY FICTION

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

THERE is more than one way of reading a novel. The old read critically, comparing fiction with life as they have known it, and either enjoying what Mr. James has called the "emotion of recognition," or seeing in their wisdom that no recognition is possible, that the work is not, as we say, "true to life." But the young read for information. They need to find out about life, they think, and all the things that their elders will not tell them they turn to learn from the novels. It is not merely that age is reticent; many of the things that analytical youth is longing to know about, age has never noticed. It very often happens that age is matter-of-fact while youth is subtle; its spectacles are a generation old, and useless for correcting the delicacies of modern astigmatisms; youth does not trust its reports. But in the great modern writers of fiction, youth recognizes a vision as sharp and inquisitive as its own, backed by much greater knowledge, so that it is not strange if it takes their findings with too great docility.

If, then, the young are reading current fiction in order to find out about life, and if lads of twenty are lending their girl friends, say, *The Dark Flower,* what is it that they are learning? For one thing, it would seem, we must suppose them to be becoming sophisticated beyond all conceivable predecessors in the minutiae of conducting a love-affair. Men and women, it is supposed, have always known a great deal about this matter intuitively, but our well-read young people know it by the book Not a look, not a word, not a gesture, not a step in the whole beautiful, new-old figure that they have not read about, that they do not know beforehand and recognize when it comes. Never before were there such books for the young to be reading while in the throes of their first experimental young love-affairs, and it cannot be supposed that they will be wholly void of effect. It is like learn-

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ing one's mother tongue by the aid of a grammar: instead of acquiring its use by experience and leaving the rules for later, or never, they begin by learning the rules, and practise for the pleasure of watching them come true. First-love becomes more nearly a *constatation* than an experience. They may say with the young poet of "Oxford 1915," "Life has been a *cliché* all these years—I would find a gesture of my own."

We are facing a situation new to the world. We have at last, after a deal of haranguing (not always the most judicious) against "Victorian hypocrisy" and "British prudery," a kind of fiction that is not for the young person, and the young person is reading it. *Pur troppo.* And what he or she wishes to learn about is love, that being youth's great adventure, as the great adventure of age is death. But she more than he seeks and desires to learn; love and marriage have always seemed more woman's business, and the young girl already before she is grown up has thought much of what they are to mean to her, and of what she hopes they will, for her, be like. She acquires her ideal of them before she knows it, from poetry, from the air, from other girls, from hither and yon, and grows up believing on the one hand that a lifelong romantic love is the greatest gift life can give her, almost too dazzling and precious to be hoped for, and on the other that it is the very lowest terms on which she can bear to accept life or to view herself at all. If she takes her ideal to college with her, she learns to analyze, perhaps even to smile at and to hide it; but she does not surrender it. Instead, she proceeds to use it as a test upon all the prosaic marriages which unite her parents' staid friends, and though they fail to meet it—some deservedly and some not, since her clear young eyes are neither very discerning nor very sympathetic—she does not lose faith in it. Though the relationships which she has opportunity to observe strike her as tepid, gray, unimaginative, she is still not convinced that the thing she covets and believes in does not exist anywhere, and turns for confirmation to contemporary fiction.

And she finds it. In the pages of our great novelists she sees again and again men and women drawn together by a mutual feeling as ardent, as intellectualized, as comradely, as impassioned, as any she has imagined. But—since we must imagine her as reading Wells and Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett and Mrs. Wharton and Robert Herrick—she rarely finds

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this coincident with marriage. The gray and tepid bond will always have bound one or other of them before they meet. This discovery, which is both shocking and painful, leaves her cornered between her inherited moral standards, her loyalty to her ideal of love and its rights, and her belief in the best fiction as the best "document;" so her extreme idealism suffers revulsion into girlish cynicism.

> Lo! the greenest girl is frantic
> With the woe of all the earth.

So much for the girl's reading. The boy's is not nearly so extensive usually, and even when he reads these same books his attitude is likely to be more matter-of-fact and critical. Let us be glad that it is; if he took his fiction as seriously as the girl, it would seem to afford excuse for the lightest conduct. What to her is saddening and disillusioning, might well be to him the *apologia* of the last inconstancy. "This is the way men are"—what else could he learn from *The Dark Flower?* But he looks about him on his world and sees little that matches in subtlety or intensity the emotions and situations he has been reading of, and concluding sagely that life is one thing and literature another, he reads hereafter more for entertainment than enlightenment.

Yet we cannot now stop their reading. The boys and girls of today may say with Nanda of *The Awkward Age* that they could not be like those earlier less sophisticated ones if they tried, and that it is accordingly better not to try. But perhaps this sophistication can be turned into real wisdom, instead of leaving them just bewildered and disenchanted. There is another way of reading fiction, after all—and by fiction I suppose we may fairly mean the fictitious representation of life, whether in play or novel form—and if, as we have said, the old read for purposes of comparison, the young girl for information and the boy for entertainment, why should they not all read for edification? The authors may object to our treating their *chefs d'œuvre* as "moral tales," but Mr. H. G. Wells, for one, will not mind; it is what he expressly desires.

For if fathers would read *The Way of All Flesh, Children of Earth*, and almost anything of Bernard Shaw's, if mothers would read *Nowadays* and *The Encounter*, if husbands would read (and without too much laughter, despite its exaggerations) Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' *Confes-*

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sions of a Wife, and wives *Marriage* and *Together,* daily life might be a little sweeter and more harmonious in a good many households; while if everybody read Henry James, we should all have better manners. Then what are our boy and girl to read, and what shall they read for? She reads enough, if not too much, already; but accepting too readily what she reads as a complete picture of life, she comes to believe that if her ideal love ever befalls here on earth, it is only when and where it should not. He, on the contrary, reads hardly enough, and thinks little about any ideal love at all, until he fancies—often too inadvertently—that he sees her coming. She thinks too much about it, he too little; he runs the risk of making one of those incomplete unions that will leave him exposed to tragedy later, she, that of being afraid to marry at all. Yet even on her assumption that all these " crucial instances " are to be taken as genuine cases, and reasoned upon to conclusions about life, there is not so much occasion for disillusionment as she thinks. There would be, indeed, if one love had simply crowded out and succeeded another equally deep and seemingly final; but one of them—in *Plaster Saints* it is the first one—is always ever so much richer and more inclusive than the other. In every one of the half-dozen books we think of first, the man married with only a portion of his nature; he married for glamor, for ambition, for domesticity, out of a dim feeling that he was doing his duty by society, by accident, or because it seemed the thing. The time had come. This works well enough unless across his path happens to stray the woman whom he could have loved with all of himself, but if she does, we get an *Ethan Frome,* or a Remington of *The New Machiavelli.* It is not fate, or anything organic in human nature, that brings about the tragedy; it is rather the lack in the man of just that uncompromising ideal of love as it is to be in his personal life, which we thought almost exaggerated in the girl. He has not taken the whole thing seriously enough soon enough, and the goddess is still as hard as in old days upon any who do not sufficiently revere her. Miss Alice Brown shows in *Children of Earth* that she realizes how this failure legitimately cools our sympathy for such heroes, when she makes someone in the play blame Peter for ever having married his " Portuguee," and feels bound to turn the comment to Peter Hale's honor: " Well, I spose some men'd marry a woman to take care of her."

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It does not seem too much to suppose that if the young man can only acquire as high an ideal of companionship as the romantic girl seems to have by instinct, he will refrain from the casual marriage that Stevenson likened to selecting the most attractive nectarine on the plate. He will range the orchards, and give himself a wider choice. He will be willing to wait, so that he may have legitimately what all these Remingtons and Peter Hales and Ethan Fromes must either take at destructive cost or not at all. Let him set out, then, to acquire it; let him read all the contemporary novels he can, and build his dream upon the pictured relations of Remington and Isabel, of Peter and Mary Ellen, of Ethan Frome and Mattie; let him realize that the tragedy of *The Dark Flower* is not that no man can be faithful, but that Mark Lennan never learns—what all Wells' heroes, with all their imperfections on their heads, yet know very well—that love is more than glamor, that it must involve the intellect too, and the whole man, if he is to cleave always to one woman only. We ought perhaps to judge our heroes more severely for the marriages they make, and expect them to demand more of the experience, to keep the soul free for something fit to employ it all. Why did Remington and Ethan Frome marry those wives in the first place? we many fairly ask, instead of reserving all our censure for their falling in love with some one else in the second.

But if our youth is to pattern his conception on the successes among these fictitious relationships, the girl will do well to study the failures; for while he is the one more responsible for creating the situation, on her rests more obviously the responsibility for conducting it. Daily life is made up of an infinitude of little things, and little things are woman's province. Her mistake has often been to insist on making them also man's, and most of these contemporary studies of marriage exhibit its consequences. Women and men alike must pay in the coin they have, women in little things, men in big; but women's frequent insistence on being paid in their own, may wreck the exchange.

> A man must partly give up being a man
> With women folk.

To a woman, a continuing romantic relation is the standard of personal success, success as a woman, and she will not admit defeat. It is a kind of point of honor with

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her. It is so essentially her business that she might well recognize a failure as essentially hers, a failure often in mere feminine "niceness"; but she rarely does, partly because she will not relinquish her romantic rôle in her own eyes and the eyes of others, partly because to admit that her situation is humanly controllable would be to deny that it is celestially directed—and she is in the habit of conceiving marriage mystically, somewhat as did the eighteenth-century man his universe, as wound up like a clock to run a lifetime. If it runs down before night, she never blames herself in her dismay, but it: the works were imperfect. To have accepted herself the responsibility for keeping it wound up, would diminish its scale among the eternal values.

But it would appear that marriage is less like a clock than like a garden. Apparently it will dry up from neglect, or flourish and bloom under care, and there are infinite scientific precautions to be taken in spading, fertilizing and watering, if she will apply her whole intelligence to it, and acquire what gardening lore she can from contemporary fiction. She can profit by the mistakes, painstakingly set forth, of many unscientific gardeners who have left all to the unaided rains and sunshines of the "cosmic weather." And if she hesitates, as women do, to apply the intellect to matters of feeling, if she feels that a romance tended is no romance: that is but another example of her age-long habits of sentimental thinking, which we must invoke even the problem plays and analytical fiction to help her out of. She has always preferred to say to herself and all the world that her real *is* ideal, rather than to use any human means to make it so; and this falsity of thinking at the very heart of life has weakened her powers of dealing intellectually with it at any point.

We must conclude, then, that if the reading boy and girl are to take fiction as we suggest—as a kind of twentieth-century *Cortegiano,* or "conduct-book"—they will profit best by making opposite applications of it. The boy should learn to look at love and marriage more romantically, the girl more intellectually. He is to shape an ideal by which to criticize whatever possibility he may desire to turn into a reality; she, bringing her ideal with her, will study from many modern instances how to make her future reality approach more closely to her dream.

Ruth Shepard Phelps.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

ADVENTURES IN MOTLEY[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It was fundamental in Edward Raynes that he was bent upon maintaining, inflexibly and incorruptibly, an attitude of ironical detachment toward life. When he read, for instance, it was through a telescope that he regarded his author, with the other eye significantly closed. It was his way to keep genius at a distance. Henry James, to be sure, suited him very well indeed, "for he gave Edward's brain the kind of movement that he found most acceptable"; but never with any of his authors did he allow himself to become personally involved—not even with Henry James; and that this was an extraordinary triumph, Edward could have pointed out to you: for has any other author possessed so remarkably the trick of personally involving his adherents?

Edward, you perceive, besides being an incurable satirist, was almost unbelievably modern: for even modernity was a little *vieux jeu* for him. He wanted to read some one who was not perpetually conscious of his period, who did not seek to impress him as speaking with the latest possible speech; who did not go in for "contemporary social forces." He was particularly annoyed, in a certain type of fiction, by such words as "perdurable" and "emprise," and such phrases as "her whom he thus happened on." As for Mr. Chesterton—poor, dear, harmless Mr. Chesterton!—he was only "a curious and rather notable freak," who contrived to simulate brilliancy of statement by the ingenuous expedient of observing, for example, that "A spittoon is just as much at the heart of the Universe as the

[1] *The Buffoon*, by Louis U. Wilkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1916.

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Milky Way," thus gaining an enormous reputation for originality, though he was at bottom inordinately respectable. But even toward those whom Edward found especially attractive, he tempered his enthusiasm with raillery, " so as to be able to support it without wincing." Temperamentally he was against all reform: the emancipation of labor, of the poor, of women, of the lower races; the curtailment of privilege; democracy—all this was abhorrent to him; yet intellectually he was converted at every point to the most enlightened liberalism, though modern propagandist writing bored him.

Being a Cambridge man (as he pointed out to his Aunt Amelia), he lacked " the art of being frivolous and wise at the same time "—we Cambridge men never, he observed, " really attain to that." He was an intellectual *farceur*, repelling emotional exactions as an Imagist poet repels subjective sentiment. The tormenting imp of farce that inhabited his brain was ineradicable, yet vaguely irritating. All contacts of whatever kind " shook his cap and bells," and in time he began to see dimly that he obeyed a control not wholly within his own field of government—" his pantaloon impulses and grotesque ribald stirs jerked him about on their strings, making him feel uncomfortably a manikin now and then."

But, as a general thing, Edward did not disconcert himself by a too-curious introspection. The Calvinistic morality of a forgotten day would have said that he played with life; but his case was hardly so simple as that. He would have delighted that indefatigable collector of strange spiritual anatomies who created the Perfect Egoist. But unlike the superlative Meredithian original, he was a self-conscious egoist, with a delicately sadistic sense of comedy. We see him as under the entomologist's indecent and dreadful lens in this unsparing exhibition by his creator: " He lived in fear of the personal indignities which invade us always along with the intense sensations that come of going far, whether in thought or in emotion." Such as he " cling to a surface made as secure and as habitable as possible, while they make fools, when they can, of others, in order to cover their own terror of the motley. Again, they will inoculate themselves with a prophylactic mild dilution of recognized absurdity, will cultivate certain whims and foibles to throw off ridicule that would otherwise strike

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too deep. By an irony almost tragic these men end in being the most completely tricked by whatever cosmic spirit there is; themselves the buffoons who have lost most."

Normally, Edward's existence was smoothly, pleasantly, and meticulously conducted. Nice adjustments, exact completions, symmetrical roundings-off, were essential to his well-being. He kept watch over surplus half-sheets of note-paper; he refused to eat honey at breakfast when some one else was drinking ale (though why even an Englishman should want to drink ale at breakfast is, happily, one of the few negligible problems of these congested times). That Edward was an artist in his cyrenaicism is made clear by the loving notation of his chronicler, who records not only his use of a hot-water bottle however warm the weather, but his carefulness in not washing his hands while taking his cold bath, for fear of the resultant distraction—an example of the *finesse* of epicureanism which fills us with envious admiration. Indeed, our only misgiving as to the exquisiteness of Edward's hedonism is caused by the knowledge that he waxed his moustache.

His spiritual downfall began abruptly—almost as abruptly as did Victor Radnor's, when, crossing London Bridge, he slipped upon that classic bit of orange-peel. With the implement of Edward's defeat (which, unlike Victor Radnor's, pointed his way to a new birth)—with this implement, Edward's creator plays as Meredith played with Victor's orange-peel. The instrument of defeat was a beautiful Divinity who wore Futurist dresses, and whose name was Eunice Dinwiddie. Her American friends called her "Eunus," which was an intolerable grief to her, though she had almost succeeded in persuading them to pronounce her name in three syllables. Eunice was adequately tall for her epicene figure (we learn later, in a moment of more confiding exposition, that she also had "epicene knees": a characterization which is, to our mind, inadequately pictorial). Draped in flowing gray, she suggested entrancingly an effect of blown mist, and her small head "was made to be held tenderly and savagely between a lover's hands." Her features, save for an "insufficient" nose, were Greek, connoting a hamadryad. She was, as Edward saw, a posthumous child of Oscar Wilde and Rossetti, but not wholly, after all, of the 'eighties, for she was timeless and eternal,

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belonging to no period . . . these "art-circle women" were always the same, thought Edward: "they reacted in the same way from the influence of quite different men; their parasitism did not vary in expression." Edward's encounters with this delectable lady, his ravishment by her, and his eventual discomfiture, are quite wonderfully chronicled for us—with crafty and lethal wit, with incomparable malice.

Edward met her at Raoul Root's, for it was over Root's circle that the Divinity ruled; and it was there that she addressed to him her first remark: "What beautiful thing," she asked, "have you been doing? . . . Later, come to me where I sit, and you shall tell me your beautiful dreams." But this, surely, was flagrantly of the 'eighties and of Oscar, after all; and you wonder what Raoul Root and his circle must have thought of their epicene Divinity and her strangely anachronistic style. For Raoul and his brother poets represented a reaction even from Shaw and Wells; and as for the 'eighties and 'nineties, why, "that is an obsolete period—all the nineteenth century is obsolete: it produced nothing but prettiness and bombast." No: Raoul and his friends were *les jeunes*—"the last word in modernity: *les seuls jeunes authentiques.*" They wrote poetry that read like advertisements; for Root said that "everything should come in: bathroom fixtures should come in, motor busses, telephone wires,—everything." In their verse there were no rhymes, of course; and no "metronome rhythms." . . . As for Root himself, and his circle, they were all very casual, very off-hand—"damned rude, in fact, at times." . . . They had "a pedantic and hide-bound convention of naturalness. *Les jeunes* must be natural. And *les jeunes* must be clever and bright. Seriousness is nineteenth century: *les jeunes* are to inaugurate a new era of wit. But they have no humor. They are deliciously simple . . ." All of which is unsurpassable in its marksmanship. That it has been read with no interest whatever by that entertaining and naïve soul, Mr. Ezra Pound, we can easily believe.

After his fateful evening at Raoul Root's, Edward, no longer serenely detached, called upon Eunice, experienced mental and physical devastation as they embraced, and afterward talked to her frankly, with determined liberalism, of the delusive pacifications of sex, and of its ideal

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co-operations. It is tragically recorded, however, that Eunice failed to understand. Later, we find Edward doubting horribly whether she would ever get further than " the very Victorian notion that he labored lovingly to raise and expand her spirit, with the end in view of beautiful vague gains to both of them—to her through him, to him through her, wrought upon and perfected. . . . All the old satin assonances! " The truth, of course, was that Edward, as he dreamed of union with her, aimed at " a sport of souls, a sport as little as possible shadowed by motive, but colored provocatively and ambiguously with intimations of all sorts of chance results . . . a sport entirely in Nature's line."

In what manner our hero was brought low—in what manner the Divinity became that treacherous bit of orange-peel—we do not feel called upon to divulge. That, as a proved buffoon, Edward was perhaps a genuinely tragic figure, was, he told himself, something that he might hope. But, even though he had worn inveterately his grinning mask,—though he had played the buffoon at every step, " with love, with companionship, with art, with intellectual and sensual toys, with every kind of conduct and of thought,"—was he perfectly a buffoon, after all? For he was a buffoon without true abandonment, and it was always abandonment that gave to a buffoon the authentic hue of tragedy.

His rebirth came as the sequel to a mortal incident, when he realized that peace—escape from the futilities and degradations of a buffoonery worn threadbare and insufficient—was to be sought in unsuspected ways. You leave him wrapped in the sudden memory of a dawn he had once seen after a night journey in France—a dawn breaking over flat pastures and straight trees: a dawn " misty-blue and occult, that did not creep, but came up out of the east on slow wings. . . ."

Our idea of the nearest approach to a white blackbird is a book-publisher with a controlling artistic conscience. Perhaps we are mistaken in thinking that Mr. Alfred A. Knopf is one of those prodigious and anomalous beings; but, if so, we shall remind ourselves that certain errors are pleasant to harbor, so long as one may continue to entertain them in good countenance. At all events, we suspect that, in Mr. Knopf's case, publishing books is chiefly an ex-

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hilarating æsthetic adventure; otherwise it is quite certain that he would never have put forth this first novel of Mr. Wilkinson's, *The Buffoon:* for he cannot have expected that it would bring him either of the desired rewards of the publisher's profession: either profit or publicity. The exceeding candor of Mr. Wilkinson's narrative is too unpalatably ironic and too astringently intellectual to attract either the general notice of the coprophilous or the stupid malignity of Societies for the Suppression of Vice; and its subtlety as spiritual history will indispose all but the most inquisitive. It is a book that will forever repel and bore the multitude; for it is blistering in its affront to sentimentalism, and it is compounded almost wholly of brain-stuff. In recent fiction we can think of nothing in English to measure it against, for satirical deadliness, save the transcendent *Boon* of Mr. Wells. The author of *The Buffoon* has not the amplitude and the energy of that surprising genius; but he is subtler, more acid, more delicately ferocious.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE FORTHCOMING ELECTION

October 17, 1916

ELECTORAL VOTES ESSENTIAL TO A CHOICE, **266**

We *predict* that Mr. Hughes will carry these States:

California	13	Michigan	15	Pennsylvania	38
Connecticut	7	Minnesota	12	Rhode Island	5
Idaho	4	New Hampshire	4	South Dakota	5
Illinois	29	New Jersey	14	Utah	4
Iowa	13	New Mexico	3	Vermont	4
Kansas	10	New York	45	Washington	7
Maine	6	North Dakota	5	Wyoming	3
Massachusetts	18	Oregon	5		
				Total	**269**

We *expect* that Mr. Hughes will carry these:

Indiana	15	Wisconsin	13	**Total**	**28**

We *believe* that Mr. Hughes will carry these:

Delaware	3	Ohio	24	Maryland	8	**Total**	**35**

We allot to Mr. Wilson beyond question:

Alabama	12	Kentucky	13	Oklahoma	10
Arkansas	9	Louisiana	10	South Carolina	9
Florida	6	Mississippi	10	Tennessee	12
Georgia	14	North Carolina	12	Texas	20
Virginia	12				
				Total	**149**

We regard as *doubtful:*

Arizona	3	Montana	4	West Virginia	8
Colorado	6	Nebraska	8		
Missouri	18	Nevada	3	**Total**	**50**

GRAND TOTALS

Hughes	332	Wilson	149	Doubtful	50

HUGHES SURELY WINS

Probable Majority for Hughes between 145 and 175

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CARIBBEAN INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Chester Lloyd Jones. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1916.

Despite the agitation for national preparedness, despite the economic changes which the great war has brought, and in spite of the fact that the United States within a comparatively recent period has undertaken new and weighty foreign responsibilities, it is perhaps still true that the average American citizen does not fully realize the importance of his country's relations with other nations. It has often been said, of late, that our "splendid isolation" has become a myth. Possibly the truth of this statement would be generally admitted. Yet in any able discussion of the connection between foreign policy and national prosperity there is undoubtedly much for the ill-informed to learn and for the well-informed to ponder.

A treatise on this subject that is unquestionably worth while and of special interest just now is *Caribbean Interests of the United States,* by Chester Lloyd Jones, professor of political science in the University of Wisconsin. This book differs from most of those which undertake to explain the interdependence of business and foreign affairs; first, in that it approaches the subject from the economic point of view, and second, in that it deals very fully with an important and somewhat neglected sphere of political and economic interests. Professor Jones gives a general outline of political and business conditions in the countries of the Caribbean which should be of great value both to the political thinker and to the business man of large aims. He also gives a great deal of precise information in regard to trade which is useful independently of the conclusions which it helps to support.

In one aspect the whole treatise is a demonstration of the fact that we are necessarily "assuming responsibilities of complex character intended to stabilize the conditions of Caribbean life, to foster the development of local resources and industries, to promote foreign trade, and to avoid the possibility of incidents which might induce interference by non-American Powers." A weak foreign policy imperils the investments of American citizens in countries weakly governed or discourages investment by Americans in such countries;

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it also invites infractions of the Monroe Doctrine. Certain still-remembered incidents, moreover, go to show that the scope of the Monroe Doctrine must be extended. "To obtain an economic concession which by its political results, to paraphrase the original Monroe Doctrine, would operate against American countries so as to 'oppress them and control their destinies,' is an act unfriendly to the United States." Indeed it may be said that the nation has fairly committed itself to a broader and more positive policy in American foreign affairs than was formerly held to be normal.

The general considerations making in favor of this broader policy are immensely strengthened in the case of the countries of the Caribbean by certain arguments which apply to them far more than to other Latin-American countries. Each of these countries is economically dependent upon trade in a single product. The principal product in each case is of such a nature that it cannot be successfully exploited otherwise than by "big business." Any industry of great importance in the Caribbean finds the United States the greatest buyer of the commodity it produces. Correspondingly, the Caribbean is the natural region for the investment of surplus American capital. "Railways, asphalt concessions, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cocoa plantations, mines, port works, municipal improvements, have already been financed by American capitalists, and are likely to be so in the future to an increasing extent." Thus whatever be one's attitude toward "imperialism" one can hardly doubt that in the Caribbean countries conditions tend to create an identity of economic and political interests with those of the United States.

Quite apart from political theory, however, Professor Jones' book is informing to business men. If one wants to know how the opening of the Panama Canal will affect business conditions in one of the Leeward Islands or whether cane sugar is likely to be in the future the economic mainstay of Jamaica, one could hardly turn to a better source of facts than this treatise.

THE WAR AND THE SOUL. By the Reverend R. J. Campbell, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1916.

It has been said again and again during these later years of war-madness in Europe, and it is perfectly true, that religion cannot die. The present war cannot kill religion, though it will, of course, have a profound effect upon religious belief as upon all else. What this effect will be, depends more than is the case in most human affairs upon what men think here and now. The reasoning of every civilized man from day to day, his emotional reaction to the horrors of Armageddon, will affect the religious belief of tomorrow, and no other cause can prevent this one from acting. A peculiar interest, therefore, attaches to such discussions as the

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Reverend R. J. Campbell's *The War and the Soul*—an interest more immediate than that which belongs to economic or political forecasts, for here we see religious opinion in the making: what we read is one man's religious belief, and the outcome will be, not prosperity or socialism, but simply religious belief.

The war has raised no new religious problems; it has simply pressed certain old problems with inexorable force. It has compelled everyone squarely to face the problem of practically unlimited physical suffering. It has led many to re-examine the question of what religion essentially is. When we see not merely the murderousness of war as it is now practiced, but its frightful disregard of our best emotions and our deepest instincts of decency—emotions and instincts that we have been taught to believe a part of the soul—can we continue to believe with Socrates that no harm can come to the good man, or to reassert the saying of Jesus that not those who can kill the body and afterwards have no more power are to be feared, but only he who has power to destroy both body and soul in hell? Or again, in a world of pain and horror can we be content with that sort of lifeless half-assent to religious doctrines, that mild agnosticism, which has been almost all the religion that some of us hitherto have laid claim to? Must we not either define and practice our religion or give it up altogether?

The answer which Mr. Campbell gives to the first of these questions is notable for its frankness, and it is the only rational answer that can be given. It is summed up in the words of a woman who had been told of some of the horrible things that have been done to women in Belgium: "Well, if the worst came to the worst, I think I should not lose my trust in God. The shame would not be mine; the shame would be theirs who subjected me to such a fate; and they could only maltreat my body, after all; no stain would rest upon my soul." To take this high ground is religion: nothing less will serve as religion—now.

The author's answer to the second great question which the war has forced upon us is nearly, though not quite, so satisfactory as the one just noticed. What is religion? We are face to face with a great Mystery which is also a great Reality. Toward this Reality we are constrained to take up some attitude: we *must* believe something. This we feel now more than ever before. But when we attempt to define our belief, we invariably become involved in certain antinomies. We cannot think of God as either caused or uncaused, as either limited or unlimited. Fortunately these philosophical difficulties no longer have power to paralyze faith. While logically we may accept the Spencerian view of the great Mystery, we are beginning to feel that through faith, yes and through the intellect, we may know God in part, even though we are hopelessly unable to conceive Him in His entirety. If we cannot prove the existence of a God "answering," in the words of Paul

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Elmer More, "to the clamour of our personal desires," this is seen to be no obstacle to true religion.

Nevertheless, there may be a certain danger in ignoring the aforesaid antinomies—in seizing too precipitately the more human and less goring horn of the dilemma. "Heaven," writes Mr. Campbell, "could prevent anything it chose to prevent taking place on earth. If it does not do so it is because it does not wish to do so, because the alternative would bring greater evil in its train." Thus Heaven is made subject to the law which determines what is evil and how it shall be caused, which is unthinkable. Doubtless, humanly speaking, Mr. Campbell is right; but perhaps at just this point a little agnosticism would be wise.

Mr. Campbell is certainly right in declaring as he does that "the object of life on this planet, so far as human beings are concerned, is not happiness, but the development of latent faculty, the bringing out of the potentialities of existence as a whole," and this is a truth which he splendidly emphasizes. "Perfect happiness, fulness of joy," he continues, "will come later, when we have got up to it, as it were, when we have reached the ultimate goal of all our strivings." Reduced, therefore, to its simplest form, the question which Mr. Campbell discusses is, If God wants us to be happy, why does He not make us happy at once? It is just here that knowledge ends and faith begins. It is as futile to ask why God works through the law of evolution as to ask why He works through the law of gravitation.

The root of the matter lies, after all, in man's moral intuition; and perhaps there is no single lesson to be drawn from life or from the war that is better worth preaching than that which Mr. Campbell brings out in his fine chapter upon "The Higher Command"—the lesson that there is in human life a force which ever and anon "tears the meanness out of us like a tornado sweeping through a smelly township and hurling all its foulness away in a moment on the wings of the blast."

Mr. Campbell's discourses have appeared once a week in the columns of a London Sunday paper. Some of them have been published from time to time in American newspapers. It is cheering to know that so spiritual a teacher may reach so many minds.

THE RELIGION OF EXPERIENCE. By Horace J. Bridges. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

The conviction that men can and must cherish some vital belief, so characteristic of the religious writings of this soul-trying time, is strongly evinced in *The Religion of Experience*, by Horace J. Bridges. Perhaps no bolder challenge to atheism, no more definite exposition of a rational faith than this treatise of Mr. Bridges', has come from any free-thinker in recent times.

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Of the fundamental questions to which the world-war has given new emphasis, the author takes up first the one which is most widely discussed—the question whether the church has failed. Mr. Bridges adopts a view that is expressed nowadays with a frequency and an emphasis that are significant. To him the church is not, as it is so often assumed to be, primarily an organization for social service, but an institution for the teaching of spiritual truth. It is no wonder, thinks Mr. Bridges, that able men appear loth to enter the service of the church when the duties of a minister as at present conceived are such that no man can perform them satisfactorily. It is only by returning to its true function as educator, edifier, and unifier of the nation that the church may become really efficient.

But if unity and efficiency are to be attained, it is evident that some agreement as to the fundamentals of faith is requisite. It is the author's conviction that "practical agreement is less impossible as the outcome of an investigation of the psychological and sociological aspects of religion than upon the basis of theological or metaphysical study." On the threshold of the inquiry, however, stands the question, What is God?

Of this all-important question there are two phases: the first has to do with the existence of God, the second with the reality of God. Such at least is the distinction which Mr. Bridges, in common with many of the philosophical thinkers of our time, insists upon. To put the case in technical language, existence is an intellectual category, while reality is a volitional category. It is true, no doubt, that to the "naïve realist" of today, and perhaps to the majority of men always, a God who perhaps does not exist but is nevertheless real is unsatisfactory. Still, the distinction has its uses and may be accepted for what it is worth. It enables one at least to relegate to the misty region of metaphysics and of practical oblivion those antinomies which have troubled the minds of so many seekers after religious truth, and to bring back God into life as a practical reality.

It may be said that Mr. Bridges' discussion of the existence of God is Spencerian and perfectly clear; that his conception of God as a reality is Jamesian and also clear; but that those who are obstinate in believing that truth is truth and not merely "the expedient in the way of our thinking" will be haunted in reading this treatise by an old philosophical difficulty. The trouble is that in making the distinction between existence and reality one is liable to accept reality as a synonym for existence, because reality is all that practically matters. But one need not be a pragmatist in order to derive good from a discussion of religion as experience. As experienced, God may be defined as "the integrated harmony of all the potentialities of good in every actual and possible rational agent"; and perhaps it is safe to leave to the metaphysicians the question whether God is. or is not, simply "a moral ideal."

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Next to the questions regarding God, must come in every Christian mind those questions which concern the person and teachings of Jesus. It is a fact too often lost sight of that if we do not believe what Jesus taught we have no business to call ourselves Christians, no matter how religious we may be. Mr. Bridges could not logically avoid a discussion of the New Testament story and doctrine, and though this is really the least satisfying, as it is the boldest part of this treatise, it is not without value. The truth is that the higher criticism may be used to justify many different degrees of belief. Mr. Bridges uses it to strip the Gospels very bare — too bare, one may think. Yet this process of denudation may prove useful to many. If one cannot subscribe, for example, to the doctrine of non-resistance, it may be good for one to believe that this doctrine was preached not to the multitude but to the Disciples alone.

Mr. Bridges is on less debatable ground in his chapter upon inspiration, for this is a topic that is well within the province of psychology. Inspiration, there is reason to believe, is a mental phenomenon quite distinct from the logical process, and the author's discussion of this subject is a real analysis—a criticism both of the naïve belief in special inspiration and of the unintelligent denial of inspiration *in toto*—and not merely a groundwork for the ensuing argument which is to include Socrates with Jesus as among the inspired.

Whether or not one is prepared to go to the length of affirming that the method and secret of Jesus need to be supplemented by the method and secret of Socrates, one cannot doubt that the Athenian philosopher has an important lesson for the modern mind, and one is grateful for Mr. Bridges' clear demonstration of the permanent value of the Socratic thought. "The ultimate anchorage of the moral law," writes the author, "is the fact that it is what the nature of man spontaneously wills *as soon as it understands itself*." It is the emphasis of Socrates upon *understanding*, in connection with moral intuition, that gives its special character and value to his teaching. Moral intuition works through the mind and not as an independent organ of knowledge—that is a truth that we need to grasp if we are to hold fast to faith without stultifying intellect.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By the Reverend S. D. McConnell, D.D. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company, 1916.

It is reasonable praise to say that no history of a single church or denomination is more readable, more generally informing, more closely connected with life than the *History of the American Episcopal Church*, by Dr. S. D. McConnell, of which the tenth edition, revised and enlarged, has recently come from the press.

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For the general reader the volume has two rather notably interesting features.

In the first place, the manner in which the author recognizes and traces the effect of other sects upon his own gives the treatise a practical usefulness for the student of religion in America. The value of the work in this regard is, indeed, greater than might be supposed; for while the history of every considerable sect in the United States has been written, little or no attempt has been made to weigh the influence which each has exercised upon another or upon the life of the people as a whole—a historic fact that is in itself, as Dr. McConnell observes, sufficiently interesting to be recorded. Many of the comments which the author makes when he touches upon this neglected theme are original and enlightening. In illustration one may cite the statement that much of the real religious life which was present in the Great Awakening passed into the possession of the Church, and that this "has saved her from being hard and mechanical"; or the remark that from the Presbyterians rather than from the Puritans have come "the popular judgment as to the proper observance of the Lord's Day, and the attitude of the individual Christian towards amusements and recreations." The fairness of the author's mind is indicated by his frank declaration that "a debt which the Church owes to Puritanism upon both sides of the water is the restored reputation of the ministry." Indeed, except for the fact that Universalism is dismissed with a word, the whole discourse is remarkable for breadth of view and for freedom from anything that could be regarded as sectarian prejudice.

In the second place, to those for whom church unity is a vital issue, Dr. McConnell's account of the manner in which the Protestant Episcopal Church has helped to bring this question "out of the region of pious speculation" and into practical ecclesiastical politics, will prove as interesting as anything that has been written upon the subject.

As pictured in Dr. McConnell's narrative, the American Episcopal Church appears comely and lovable—all the more so because her story is told with unsparing truth, while her claims are presented without exaggeration or arrogance. The reader will appreciate the force of the statement that "the Church stands today in the general respect and good will of the people for freedom in truth, order in worship, and righteousness in life."

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1916.

There could hardly be a richer literary theme or one more interesting to the majority of readers than the development of the English novel. The novel today is not only the most popular form of litera-

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ture: it is one of the forms of literature most thought about. The question of what the novel is essentially, or of what its best qualities are, is rising above the intelligent horizon of the average man and woman. How can it be otherwise, since the assiduous reader of popular novels during a quite moderate number of years has had his taste trained successively in realism, in romance, and in the modern "life-novel," not to speak of minor varieties? All but the most sluggish-minded of those who make a point of reading the fiction most talked about must have derived from this experience some of the results of a course in criticism.

The Advance of the English Novel, by William Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale, should, therefore, meet with a ready welcome. The book is scholarly, but also popular in treatment. The very difficulties of the theme are turned to advantage. True it is that the attempt to deal with the whole history of the English novel from Defoe to Edith Wharton necessitates a very rapid treatment; but rapidity of treatment with Professor Phelps makes for interest and variety. Unquestionably the theory of the novel is a subject too deep and too complex to be dealt with satisfactorily in the space of three hundred-odd pages—if indeed it is at present susceptible of satisfactory treatment in any number of pages; but what the average reader, and often the scholar or teacher, wants most, is, after all, not a theory of criticism, but criticism. Professor Phelps's book is packed with the criticism of common sense and of genuine appreciation, steadied and clarified by the historic view.

A feature of the book is its discussion of modern novelists and its incidental comparisons of the established classics with modern favorites. The author's taste is catholic, and while some modern reputations are placed less high in this volume than the popular estimate, and others higher, the general effect of the book is to sustain and interpret intelligent modern taste and not to discredit it. Professor Phelps's criticisms of the classic novelists are often delightfully frank and pungent—actually taking our part, for example, against those who insist that we should read and enjoy Johnson's *Rasselas;* yet it is written in a spirit of real reverence for genius.

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

A FRANK SOUTHERN VIEW

(*From the Richmond Journal*)

Foremost among editors in 1912 to urge the nomination and election of Woodrow Wilson for President, Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has now executed a volte face and in the October issue of his magazine gives his reasons for abandoning the President in favor of Charles Evans Hughes. The deciding issues for him are (1) Military and Industrial Preparedness; (2) Government by and for the People; (3) National Honor and Opportunity. As to the first, the Colonel says it all resolves to this:

"Whether one approves or disapproves the huge expenditures provided for national defense, the appropriations have been made, and the only question now is, Who can utilize the resources in hand to the greatest advantage of the country in obtaining the quickest and most effectual results? The Republicans who are sincere in their advocacy of preparedness, or the Democrats who are not? The question seems to answer itself. . . . While frankly conceding the need of protective measures, they [the Democrats] have only pecked at the problem for political purposes, without attempting in any serious way to effect a solution. Again, we are driven to the practical conclusion that true industrial preparedness, in common with true military preparedness, can be attained only through its sincere advocates and consistent friends."

Dealing with issue No. 2, Colonel Harvey says the brotherhoods did not so seriously menace the railway properties, which had only revenues to lose and properties to damage; they threatened all of the helpless and inoffending people in every city and hamlet with hunger or starvation, unless within a fortnight the government should impose upon their employers, under the specious and false guise of an "eight-hour day," which they themselves would not accept, an increase of twenty-five per cent. in wages. Declares Editor Harvey:

"Having intervened unavailingly, the President recounted the proceedings in his address to Congress. Although the matter had 'been agitated for more than a year,' there had arisen a 'sudden crisis' and 'the country had been caught unprovided with any practical means of enforcing' arbitration, 'by whose fault' he would 'not now stop to inquire.' He, the President of the United States, deliberately proposed the muleting of the great body of his own constituency, the millions of low-paid workingmen, farmers, professional men, teachers, clerks, saleswomen and toilers in sweat-

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shops no less than the well-to-do, in the interest, not even of a class, but of a class within a class, comprising four hundred thousand voters, without cost to the companies or to the shippers who were to comprise the other parties to the conspiracy. 'The public,' sententiously remarked A. B. Garretson, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, 'is the carcass and we all perhaps are the vultures,' and Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, by his act indorsed the cynical assertion."

Answering the question, "What would Hughes have done?" Colonel Harvey calls attention to what he did do when, as Governor of New York, he vetoed a two-cent railway fare law, which the Legislature, truckling to the populistic spirit of the time, had enacted, precisely as the Wilson-Adamson wage increase measure was passed, without investigation or consideration of its justice. His veto message ended with these words: "Every workingman, every tradesman, and every citizen believing himself to have aught at stake in the prosperity of the country, should determinedly oppose it. For it not only threatens the stability of business enterprise, which makes our prosperity possible, but it substitutes unreason for sound judgment, the ill-considered demands of resentment for the spirit of fair play, and makes impossible patient and honorable effort to correct abuses." This, points out the Colonel, is precisely the spirit in which Mr. Hughes has denounced the "surrender" of Congress. He adds: "It is not only probable, but a virtual certainty that if, as President, Mr. Hughes had been confronted by the brotherhoods' demand last month, he would have responded with full insistency in words like these:

"I sympathize with the just demands of labor. Personally, I believe in an eight-hour day. But you admit that this is a matter, not of hours of labor, but of wages, which cannot be fairly determined without full investigation. Moreover, arbitration is a principle which I am bound to uphold. I will appoint an impartial commission of arbitration, to which the railroad managers consent to bring their claims. If you refuse to arbitrate, I will publish a brief statement of our negotiations. Then you can strike, if you deem it wise and patriotic. As President of the United States, I will not act and will not urge Congress to act, under threat or duress. In the midst of a campaign for my re-election, I will not allow you or anyone else to put me in a position where I can be suspected of subverting the laws and lawmaking of the nation for the sake of winning votes for myself."

That the President had been warned in advance of what was coming, but had ignored the menace, Colonel Harvey shows by citing the resolution submitted to him by the United States Chamber of Commerce early in July, asking for an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As to the constitutionality of both the exemption clause of the Clayton act and the hastily enacted new law, which in effect fixes wages, that is yet to be determined by the Supreme Court. Coming to "national honor and opportunity," the magazine editor is even more drastic in his contrasts between the two candidates before the people for the Presidency. His contention is that the many episodes of the last three years show indisputably that Mr. Wilson stands for Wilson first, whereas Mr. Hughes throughout his entire career, by his utter absence of self-seeking, confirms the belief that he does, in fact, from the very nature of his being, stand for America first. Presumably, this arraignment of the administration is for campaign consumption. It is, of course, strongly ex parte. The errors of Mr. Wilson are mercilessly set forth; his constructive statesmanship, reflected in many

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new laws placed on the Federal statute books in the last three years, wholly ignored. They deserve to be reiterated, for they are of epochal importance to the country. Whether or not the unfortunate Wilson-Adamson bill is to wipe out all the previous meritorious work of the dominant party remains to be seen. One thing stands out with bold certitude: but for that blunder Woodrow Wilson would surely be the next President. He has furnished the opposition its one great bludgeon to attack him. Except for that, the differences of opinion on the Mexican question, the administration's foreign relations attitude and certain unwise appointments to office would not count in the country's scales.

THE LIVING ISSUES

(*From the Springfield Union*)

Colonel George Harvey's article on the issues of the campaign, part of which was reproduced in *The Sunday Union*, merits respectful and candid attention from the American voter. It is a thoughtful and searching analysis of the situation, packed with points that no citizen should overlook. Colonel Harvey's argument cannot be swept away by the rejoinder that its author harbors personal ill-will against the President. Nor is it credible that this meaty and brilliant discussion of our national problems is built merely on personal animus. On the contrary, one must conclude that, though the author conscientiously believed at one time that Mr. Wilson was the right man for the Presidency, he as conscientiously believes upon a survey of Mr. Wilson's record in office, that the path of safety and honor lies in Mr. Wilson's retirement. What particularly counts, from the voter's standpoint, is not Colonel Harvey's personal opinion or sentiment in relation to the President, but the reasons he advances in support of his position. He is at pains to state those reasons in thoroughness and detail, and they should be seriously regarded by voters who are debating where their duty lies in the coming election.

Among the reasons Colonel Harvey gives against voting for another term for Wilson are these: That it means continuing an unfit Secretary of the Navy in office when the department is charged with the expenditure of an immense sum for national defense; that the problems relating to the militia and a general scheme of preparedness as related to our land forces demand ability in handling, such as the present political regime has shown itself incapable of; that right industrial preparedness requires an intelligent acquaintance with our manufacturing industries and the important part that the tariff must sustain in the advancement of these interests, matters that exceed the understanding and capacity of the Democratic leaders; that the right of the American people to self-rule has been violated in the President's action in the railroad strike situation; that the integrity of the Supreme Court is endangered in the event of Mr. Wilson's re-election; that the national honor and the opportunity of this Republic to serve mankind in its time of need prescribes a change in the national administration.

The two last-named points are worthy of special attention, as they relate to matters that have received comparatively little attention thus far in the campaign. Colonel Harvey goes into the considerations involved

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in the recent appointments of Brandeis and Clarke to the United States Supreme Court, and points out the vital connection between the Administration's surrender in the railroad situation and the reorganizing of our highest tribunal along the lines of radicalism. He recalls that Mr. Wilson has expressed the view that "judges of necessity belong to their own generation," that "the atmosphere of opinion cannot be shut out of their courtrooms," and that they should prove themselves able "to discriminate between the opinion of the moment and the opinion of the age," and of "assessing the past" in "judging the future." In interpreting the "opinion of the moment" while "assessing the past" and "judging the future" the judges might be expected to look continuously if not consistently to Mr. Wilson for guidance, as he seems to have a special genius in these regards. Having brought Congress to the feet of the Executive, the logical next step in the development of the "New Freedom" is to make the Supreme Court equally subservient. The Colonel does not accuse the President of a purpose thus to dominate the court, but he does call attention to the fact that there are four judges in the court whose ages are seventy-two, seventy-six, seventy-eight and eighty years, and also reminds us that the constitutionality of the Adamson wage increase act and the Clayton act, with its clause exempting labor organizations from prosecution under the anti-trust laws, is yet to be determined by the court. Right decisions, not only on these questions, but on other pieces of legislation that may follow, are indispensable to our national welfare. "For more than a hundred years," writes Colonel Harvey, "this great tribunal has held the full faith of the people as the ultimate bulwark of their liberties under the law and to this day it has justified that confidence while interpreting legal first principles as expressed by the written constitution." How speedily the court could be deprived of its character by appointing unfit men to its membership, and with what inexpressible injury to the American nation!

In the matter of national opportunity Colonel Harvey thinks that the way is still promising for the United States to do distinguished service to the nations in mediating the differences of the belligerents in the present war. For President Wilson to perform that part is out of the question, he asserts, but with the election of Hughes the opportunity, he believes, would be open, as the Republican candidate "in consequence of his previous immolation stands alone among our public men as uncommitted and unsuspected and is known to the outside world only as a great and just judge versed in the affairs of nations and alive to the needs of humankind."

Even if the United States should not render this concrete service, the opportunity of declaring for a higher standard of honor and a firm championship of the right, presented at the coming election, holds in it inestimable value not in its relation to the United States alone but to the ideals of all those for whom the American name and example have meant so much in the past. Liberty, justice, courage—all these characteristics have shown forth in the American example, and it has been an inspiration and light to other struggling peoples. No one man or group can destroy this object lesson without the consent of the American people. But unless they do expressly protest against the standard being lowered and the national ideals blurred and blotted from view, the responsibility will be squarely assumed by them.

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FOOD FOR MEDITATION

(*From the Chicago Tribune*)

The editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who discovered Woodrow Wilson's political possibilities and is sorry for it, has published in his magazine of September a significant survey of Mr. Wilson's democracy which should give Democrats who are Democrats on principle something to think about between now and November 7.

Speaking through a fictitious "Mr. Worthington of Boston," an old line Democrat, in a fictitious dialogue with a young Republican, Colonel Harvey expresses the conviction that Democrats have been absolved from voting for Mr. Wilson as loyal Democrats for two reasons. "Recently, in a speech in Washington," Colonel Harvey reminds his fellow Democrats, "he (Mr. Wilson) appealed for re-election specifically as a non-partisan and declared that, in the present situation, party lines should be obliterated. I surmise that he had Republicans and Progressives more particularly in mind, but of course the rule worked both ways."

This is consistent, Colonel Harvey finds. "Wholly aside from his reiterated profession of independence, his record shows conclusively that he regards the Democratic party as merely a political means to a personal end. He will tolerate the organization during a campaign, but he never fails to disown it on the day after election." Here follow specifications which the Democratic readers may review in the article itself.

But Colonel Harvey has a harder blow than this. He declares that Democrats are absolved from voting for Mr. Wilson because Mr. Wilson has abandoned Democratic principle.

"The President's espousal of protection for protection's sake is, of course, a flat repudiation of the chief Democratic principle of a revenue tariff, but even that sinks into insignificance when compared with federal interference with purely domestic concerns," and he offers the federal child labor law as a striking example.

The support of this measure by the Republicans and Mr. Hughes' endorsement of a federal amendment enfranchising women, Colonel Harvey declares, is consistent with Republican doctrine, which always has been defederalist, but Mr. Wilson cannot do so as a consistent Democrat, though the Colonel says he has heard expressed a strong suspicion that Mr. Wilson would have declared for the federal suffrage amendment if Mr. Hughes had not "beat him to it."

As to Mr. Wilson's strongest popular plea for re-election, "He kept us out of war," Colonel Harvey says:

"Of course, it is not true. The President has not kept us out of war. He put us into war when, before Congress had given him the power, he employed 'the armed forces of the United States' to enforce a personal decree in a neighboring State, and he repeated the operation when he ordered the troops to invade the same country. Battles have been fought and blood has been shed, to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed, by the regular soldiers of both countries."

And as to Europe the Colonel agrees with *The Tribune* when he declares that it has not been Mr. Wilson but the European Governments which have kept us out of the European war.

"Mr. Wilson's notes have been truculent enough to make for war over and over again, but Germany has averted conflict at each psychological

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moment out of consideration of her own welfare, not as a consequence of any of the many things the President has written. And has done it in her own sweet way at her own chosen time. Personally, I do not believe that we have been in danger of war at any stage. Nobody could afford to drag us in and nobody has done so. If we had convinced all warring Powers at the outset that we really meant to maintain our rights as a neutral we would have obtained them beyond a shadow of a doubt. But our shilly-shallying with Mexico had indicated all too plainly that they could play fast and loose with us with impunity. And they have done it—both sides."

It is considered by some of Mr. Wilson's partisans a poser to say: "Hughes is critical only, but let him say what he would do as to our relations," Colonel Harvey calls these truculent queries "cheap and tawdry political claptrap." "As well might Nero have stopped fiddling upon a certain occasion and demanded, 'As you may perceive, the city is burning, I may or may not be responsible. What does it matter? It is useless for you to say that another might have prevented the fire, for the deed is done. The only question is, what are you going to do about it?'

"The Romans did nothing; but I suspect that, if they had been Americans, they would have replied: 'We are first going to get rid of Nero. Then we shall save what we can from the wreck and rebuild the city.'"

As to the so-called hyphenated support, meaning the German-Americans, not the hyphenates of Entente sympathies, the challenge is directed at Mr. Hughes: "Why do you not reject it publicly?" Colonel Harvey asks: "Why does not Mr. Wilson reject it?" Answering, "For the identical reason, They both want all the votes they can get."

The majority of Democratic voters will vote for Mr. Wilson, regardless of these pointed considerations offered them by Colonel Harvey. But the men and women who are Democrats on Democratic principles will find food for prayerful meditation in these opinions of a Democratic stalwart.

AN ILLUMINATING ANALYSIS

(*Fom the Brooklyn Times*)

Two sentences strike very forcibly in Colonel George Harvey's article in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. From the text of a singularly illuminating analysis of our political situation they project like two beams of light, one exploring the heart of a man and the other the heart of a problem. One brings into high relief the salient trait of a personality, and the other sharpens the outlines of our economic peril against the somber background of a world at war. Out of his experience, not of Hughes alone, Colonel Harvey says:

"Hughes always means what he says."

We do not know of any contrast in literature more striking than this. What has been in the mind of the American people during these three years of flawless rhetoric? What passion has grown among them as speech followed speech, each of them beautifully phrased, each of them irreproachable in general sentiment, but none of them obviously having any relationship to the deeds of the speaker? What profound desire was developed by the discovery that President Wilson could glowingly condemn military preparation to-day and plead passionately in its behalf to-morrow; could

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threaten war and declare we were too proud to fight in the same breath; could blow hot and cold on any subject and any policy? Was it not a desire primarily for a man who means what he says? Was it not a demand for sincerity, for a man who "had thought things out and finally had come to believe something," for a policy steered by principle and not shifted from its original course by every breeze of editorial opinion or foreign suggestion? That was why the demand for Hughes welled up from the people, rising high above the voices of politicians, desiring but one man, and being satisfied with none other. It was simply because a people wanted an earnest, consistent, principled man in the White House and they knew "Hughes always means what he says."

With respect to the economic situation, Colonel Harvey declares:

"In a word, the world proposes to pay its debts to America at the end of the war, *not in money, but in products manufactured at low cost of* labor with the greater efficiency developed by military training."

Can there be any doubt of it? Colonel Harvey calls attention to the recent plans of the Entente Allies, whose purposes the London Chamber of Commerce makes clear as crystal in the explanation that the Paris Conference scheme is "for regulating, by tariff and otherwise, trade relations with all enemy countries so as to render impossible a return to pre-war conditions, and for stimulating the development of home manufactures and consequent increased employment of native labor." It has been further announced that all treaties inconsistent with this purpose are to be abrogated. Truly, as Colonel Harvey says, it is a close corporation of commercial interests that is contemplated and we are out of it. American competition is to be barred. Not only that, but the American market is to be raided; their necessities driving each of the belligerent combinations to strike for profit in the only undefended market where profit lies, for it must not be forgotten that Japan, which has shared with us the golden harvest of the field of blood, is a party to the Alliance.

Is it any wonder that in view of this state of affairs which is so definitely projected on the future, Colonel Harvey can see benefit to the nation only in the election of a candidate who means what he says, and the empowering of the party that historically is the friend of protection? He points out that the military establishment so necessary to our continued peace and prosperity has made progress only on paper; that under a Democratic administration, at heart opposed to a proper defense program, one ship authorized in June has not yet been laid down, and another is being constructed in a shipyard so far from navigable water that a five-million dollar canal must be constructed to get it to sea. He makes it clear that the election of Wilson means a reassertion of Danielism, and a relaxation of all the military preparation which only the demand of the people and the insistence of the Republican party, combined with the threat of a political defeat, constrained the administration to authorize.

MR. WATTERSON'S ARDENT SUPPORT

(*From the Louisville Courier-Journal*)

"Wilson," says George Harvey, with sententious brevity, and we may add ironic levity, "or Hughes."

It is unfortunate that our politics should be thus personalized. But it is a fact. Three popular leaders, coming in regular order one after the

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other, have occupied the stage of national affairs the last three decades; first Cleveland, then Bryan and then Roosevelt. Each to his followers became a hero. Each flourished because he was heralded, or heralded himself, as a Liberal. Now we are threatened with "Wilson, or Hughes."

But Wilson is more eligible for hero-worship than Hughes. Miss Tarbell—and she is high authority—tells us "he is the first real Progressive leader that this decade has produced." And this is true—strictly true. Mr. Wilson is rather a Progressive than a Democrat—certainly more of a Progressive than a Democrat. His Democracy will bear question. His Progressivism none. Indeed, he himself proclaims that in this campaign party lines should be obliterated, which means, of course, that he looks for his re-election to the votes of such Republicans as Mr. Edison and such Progressives as Miss Tarbell.

It is because of this attitude, and some conception of what lies behind it, that the *Courier-Journal* is giving the Wilson candidacy but a qualified support, reserving to itself the right in the event of his election—which it confidently expects—to decline responsibility for what may follow and oppose such of his policies and assumptions as it may not approve.

Mr. Hughes is an upright and a good man, according to his lights. But he is an old-line New England Federalist. He is a cast-iron modern Reactionary. He may not have been as hefty and shifty an office broker as Penrose, or as dyed-in-the-wool a party man as Uncle Joe Cannon. But if he be elected we shall see fat-frying Republicanism, bloody-shirt Republicanism, Wall Street Republicanism come to set the clock back a generation and to lose us the much we have gained by the brief change of parties we have had.

Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, is a clever, highly educated opportunist, who has studied the cue papers, girded his loins and gone after the Interests hip and thigh. He reasons rightly that the Age of Force is gone—or going—and that the Age of Numbers is upon us. He intimates that they did not know everything in the days of Thomas Jefferson, and having perused a trifle cynically his Jeffersonian hornbook, he would improve upon it. He is ambitious and would found a school of Wilsonian Democracy in succession to Jeffersonian Democracy.

This the *Courier-Journal* contests. Seriously doubting the sentimentalism of the New Freedom and wholly rejecting the cant and hypocrisy of the Uplift—still clinging to the simple rescripts of strict construction as all sufficient for liberty under the aegis of law, the regeneration of man to be committed to religious and moral agencies—it stands and will always stand for Home Rule, State Rights, the separation of Church and State, no sumptuary laws and A Tariff for Revenue Only.

But, as between "Wilson, or Hughes," we take Wilson.

HUGHES TO THE FORE

(From the Philadelphia Evening Star)

The fact that Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is so strenuously working for the election of Hughes is one of the significant ones of this national campaign.

Colonel Harvey is no fool. He is generally found advocating a sound doctrine and forecasting the trend of events with a clear eye, a steady hand and a practical knowledge of men and things which is astounding.

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Colonel Harvey is this time forecasting the election of Mr. Hughes. He can give you the reasons and the details down to a very fine point. The astounding thing about him is the fact that he has been doing this sort of thing with phenomenal results for many years. The way in which he figured the election of Wilson four years ago was one of the most remarkable things of that campaign.

Wilson was elected amidst the overturning of a national cataclysm. Things were not as they had been but totally different. What had long been established was overthrown. Not-to-be-believed events occurred on all sides.

In spite of all this Colonel Harvey, then editing *Harper's Weekly*, which he owned, was right there with the details, weeks in advance and when he was regarded as out of his mind by many who could not imagine that such things as he predicted could happen.

It was he alone, however, who foresaw the result and who stated it. The manner in which he enumerated all the details of the overthrow was nothing less than astounding, although he had done much the same thing before. Today this same man says that Mr. Hughes will be elected.

It is not because Colonel Harvey is for Mr. Hughes this time and was for Mr. Wilson before. He is not a man to be blinded by partisanship nor to make his examinations and predictions with such prejudice. He would not get very far if he did. He applies common sense and facts to the situation in determining what is to happen and he goes to infinite pains to get the necessary facts. No wizardry nor prejudice enter into his calculations.

It was this same Colonel Harvey who brought Mr. Wilson out and made him President of the United States. Wilson was an unheard of president of a college when Colonel Harvey discovered him and began to boost him as material for the Governorship of New Jersey. There was little at that time to direct attention to Woodrow Wilson and the idea of taking him up for Governor—let alone for President of the United States—was regarded by many as absurd.

Colonel Harvey persisted, however, and he won with Wilson as Governor of New Jersey, immediately thereafter beginning the campaign to make him President of the nation—in which, also, he was entirely successful.

But Colonel Harvey had found out by that time that his protegé was possessed of one quality which was by no means to his liking. Ingratitude had developed and both he and Colonel Henry Watterson dropped off the Wilson band wagon. The Colonel is a fighter and no mean kind of one either, so he still supported the Democratic party despite his differences with the man who had been his friend but was no longer, until that man made clear his Mexican policy.

That was too much for Harvey. He quit then and he sought for someone to back who would put forward another policy. He found that man in Hughes and he had a great deal to do with bringing Hughes to the fore. It is to be hoped that his predilections of the present are nearly, if not quite, as sound as those of the past.

A PATRIOTIC UTTERANCE

(From the Rochester Post-Express)

Colonel George Harvey, who has made THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW one of the most influential periodicals of our country and of the world, has

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come out strongly and squarely for Hughes as the candidate best equipped, most likely to render the highest public service and most certain to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

The living issues in this campaign, as Colonel Harvey sees them, are military and industrial preparedness, government by and for the people, and national honor and opportunity. After showing in his trenchant fashion how the President and his party have failed to give the country preparedness of either kind or constitutional government, and cannot be expected to, Colonel Harvey touches briefly but in burning words upon the third of the issues this national battle is to decide.

Without recounting "the many episodes of the past three years which have flushed American cheeks with shame, it suffices," says Colonel Harvey, "to say in bitter truth that no longer can an American stand erect before any tribunal in the world, as Paul stood before Pilate and declare with pride and confidence his citizenship. Not only has the protection of the flag been officially withdrawn from those who have crossed the border line, but the flag itself has been wantonly desecrated over and over again without incurring the swift retribution which invariably hitherto from the beginning of the republic has been visited upon offenders." Considering the President's suggestion that America is the natural, logical, mediating nation to which the warring Powers may some day turn for help in re-establishing peace, Colonel Harvey admits that they might so turn to us in ordinary times, but never will while Mr. Wilson is President. For "in all Europe he is one of the most mistrusted and contemned of men whose tender of aid in the name of justice, fairness and humanity would be rejected unanimously with derision and scorn."

Continuing, this patriotic and impassioned publicist heralds with gratification and gratitude "the dependable assurance of Mr. Hughes that he stands with no less steadfastness for American rights abroad than for equal rights at home." While the happenings of the last two years prove incontestably that Mr. Wilson stands for Wilson first, the entire career of Mr. Hughes confirms the belief that he does in fact, from the very nature of his being, stand for America first; and every American knows and every foreigner will quickly learn that Hughes always means what he says."

When we recall that Colonel Harvey is the original Wilson man who did more than any one else to make him President, his words have all the greater weight when he declares that "upon the clearly marked issues and as between the candidates, there is no reason why any professed Republican, any thoughtful Progressive or any principled Democrat should not, and every reason why every patriotic American should vote for Charles Evans Hughes for President."

DEMOCRATS ABSOLVED

(*From the Portland, Oregon, Telegram*)

That Democrats have been absolved from party allegiance in the coming political campaign is the view taken by Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who gave Mr. Wilson his full support four years ago.

For the sake of expressing himself more freely through the medium-

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ship of the third person, Colonel Harvey has created a character whom he has named Mr. William P. Worthington, of Boston, a retired merchant, a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, firm in his convictions, and patriotic to the core. His views are clearly Mr. Harvey's own.

Two reasons are given for his declaration that the President has absolved all true Democrats from party allegiance: First, by his speech in Washington in which he appealed for re-election specifically as a non-partisan and declared that, in the present situation, party lines should be obliterated. Second, in his abandonment of Democratic doctrine in the two essentials of tariff and states rights.

Of course, in the matter of obliteration of party lines, President Wilson feels he has much more to gain than to lose. Colonel Harvey points out, too, that Mr. Wilson has never been a partisan: "Aside from his reiterated professions of independence, his record shows conclusively that he regards the party as merely a political means to a personal end. He will tolerate the organization during a campaign, but he never fails to disown it on the day after election. He won much acclaim by doing this in New Jersey when, as Governor, he utterly ignored the organization which had achieved his election. He has pursued the same policy as President."

This latter fact is of so recent date that a few sentences will be sufficient to afford the proofs. Colonel Harvey, who belongs to the Henry Watterson school of Democracy, calls the Champ Clark wing of the party "the bone and sinew, the old conservative stock," and the Wilson element "the rag, tag and bobtail former Populists, Bryanites and the like." While the latter secured the nomination, it was the former that gave him the votes for his election.

And what was their reward? Speaker Clark was absolutely ignored by the President until he was needed to put through legislation, and the only Clark Democrats who got appointments were James W. Gerard, who gave liberally to the campaign fund, and Martin J. Wade, of Iowa, a personal friend of the President.

Colonel Harvey also calls the attention of Democrats to the fact that while the nomination in the Baltimore convention was in doubt, Mr. Wilson was planning with his family a visit to England. "It seems never to have crossed his mind that he might owe any service to his party unless he himself were to be the beneficiary. The policy is comprehensible to a student of human nature, but I fear that the consequences in November, in States like New York, Illinois and Missouri, may not be altogether gratifying."

THE VERDICT READY

(*From the Baltimore American*)

No man in the country is better fitted to give an appraisement of President Woodrow Wilson than the man who was first to propose him for the office he occupies, Colonel George Harvey. His appraisement is that of Mr. Wilson as an inconceivable betrayer. Colonel Harvey does not refer to the betrayal of himself by the man who, when launched in his campaign, requested the editor to refrain from further espousing his cause because such espousal might react against his chances. Thus was shown the spirit of opportunism and the spirit of expediency, with callous disregard of the obligations of service and of friendship.

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Colonel Harvey refers to another and wide betrayal, that of the nation, by the act of the President in securing passage through Congress of the increase of wage measure under the guise of an eight-hour-a-day labor law for the benefit of four hundred thousand men engaged in railroading. Step by step Mr. Wilson paved the way for his grandstand play for the affiliation of the labor vote with himself. His first step, as Colonel Harvey points out, was at the portals of his administration, when he gave approval to a provision in an appropriation measure that was tacked on as a rider, which made certain moneys therein specified applicable to the prosecution of labor organizations for breach of the law. He made the pretense that the condition was not likely to arise under which the immunity would avail. Yet to be sure that this "unjustifiable" provision should be available in the Clayton law, it was specifically embodied and Mr. Wilson espoused and signed that measure.

When the time came, sheltered under this protection from prosecution for their acts as those of illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade, the labor organizations advanced the railroad dispute as occasion for the exercise of immunity from punishment for otherwise illegal acts. They "held the gun of calamity at the head of the nation." It was a stand-and-deliver message to the American people. Or, as the railroad spokesman, A. B. Garretson, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, expressed it, "The public is the carcass and we all perhaps are the vultures." This act of menace and outlawry, and purely predatory in its character, was made a law by Congress at the behest of the President. Thus were the American people shorn of their safeguards and their rights, betrayed by the head of the nation, in order that Samuel Gompers might deliver the goods—the labor vote for Mr. Wilson. Four labor magnates in the galleries, Mr. Wilson at Shadow Lawn waiting for the close of a perfect day—"It is the climax of a very happy day" were his words—Mr. Gompers at the telephone; thus is pictured by Colonel Harvey the persons in the drama of the nation's betrayal, with Congress frightened and desperate, doing the work of one whose overweening ambitions had led him to prostitute his high office to the mulcting of the multitude of American consumers and the violation of their basic rights.

This strong statement of the case by Mr. Harvey will place the brand upon Mr. Wilson indubitably. What has he to reply? The voters have their verdict prepared in the ballots they propose to cast.

NOT TOO SEVERE

(*From the Philadelphia Ledger*)

In an article in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the salient portions of which are printed in another column, Colonel George Harvey discusses "the living issues" of the campaign. These are military and industrial preparedness, government by and for the people, and national honor and prosperity. Which party and which leader, he asks, are best equipped to deal with all three, and to "preserve, protect and defend" the Constitution?

In the matter of preparedness, he suspects both the zeal and the capacity

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of the administration. "Could Josephus Daniels," he asks, "build a great navy in the shortest possible time if he would?" Nothing in his record justifies that assumption. He has been an obstructionist from the start. Whatever energy he has shown is due to pressure from without. Colonel Harvey's review of his career as Secretary is scathing. Yet Mr. Daniels has had, and presumably still has, the confidence and support of the President. There is every reason to assume that if Mr. Wilson is re-elected he will hold his present position four years longer. "A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels." Can any sincere advocate of preparedness cast such a vote? Mr. Baker is a man of a very different type, but his pacifist views make him anything but an ideal Secretary of War. And who can have much confidence in the President's belated conversion to a program of national defense? Nor are his tariff views such as advocates of industrial preparedness can sanction.

Colonel Harvey finds in "the blackmailing of the nation" by the railway brotherhoods to which the President was the first to submit, the most dangerous attack upon the right of the American people to rule themselves since Sumter was fired upon. This is perhaps an exaggeration of the possible effects of the humiliating surrender by Executive and Legislature alike. But there is no doubt as to the danger of the precedent thus set. It is not necessary to believe that there was a deliberate political plot behind the action of Mr. Wilson. The argument against him is strong enough without that. The fact remains that he threw over a principle he had previously accepted at the bidding of a labor organization, that he endeavored to raise a false issue, that he revealed a fatal lack of judgment and determination. Colonel Harvey cites previous utterances of Mr. Hughes in answer to the question, "What would he have done?" The Republican candidate stands for the rights of labor, but he repudiates the doctrine of a privileged class.

The third count in the indictment of the President is his failure to uphold the national honor abroad. Many episodes of the past three years "have flushed the cheeks of our countrymen with shame and humiliation." The flag has been no protection to them. Other nations, whatever they may think of the United States, mistrust and condemn him. They will not turn to us for friendship or counsel while he is President. Is the accusation too severe? Those who know how Europe feels at the present moment will not think so.

INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS

(*From the Washington Star*)

Colonel George Harvey's pronouncement for Hughes is none the less interesting and important because expected, and it should prove all the more effective because of the reasons offered in support of it. It does not rest upon personalities, but principles.

As is well known, Colonel Harvey was the first man having the ear of a wide public to propose Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency. At that time Mr. Wilson was the head of Princeton University, and practically a stranger to the everyday political world. He had reputation only as a teacher and writer.

The Harvey suggestion attracted attention, and then followed the rapid

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growth of Mr. Wilson in political favor. His friends, under Colonel Harvey's leadership and with the Presidency in mind, made him Governor of New Jersey, and then began the drive for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

At this stage of the game Mr. Wilson and Colonel Harvey and Henry Watterson met for consultation one day, when Mr. Wilson, in reply to a question, declared that Colonel Harvey's support was proving of injury to his, Wilson's campaign. Promptly, of course, Colonel Harvey pulled up, and Mr. Wilson went on without him, and reached goal.

This, however, had no part in the proposition which Colonel Harvey now submits—that as between Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party and Mr. Hughes and the Republican party the country for the coming four years would be best served by the latter. And in support of his proposition Colonel Harvey, who has always been and still claims to be a Democrat, submits opinions about the Democratic record for the past three years, itemized.

Maybe his most noteworthy observation is about the tariff. He declares for protection, as the policy necessary to American industries in the light of what may be expected at the close of the European war. He has in mind the value of the home markets and the figures of the home wage scales, and wants both supported by legislation bearing directly upon them. And he considers the Republican party, the party of protection, under the leadership of Mr. Hughes, the outspoken advocate of protection, as the proper, the best, instrument for securing the needed protection.

This position could not have been difficult for a Jerseyman to take. Colonel Harvey knows the state of his residence and its place in the manufacturing world; and he is not the first Democrat of influence in the commonwealth to become convinced that a tariff for revenue only is not only unwise, but if persisted in will produce a smashing national disaster to manufacturers, merchants and wage earners alike.

A DEPENDABLE CANDIDATE

(*From the St. Louis Globe Democrat*)

Colonel Harvey, the discoverer of Woodrow Wilson, once publicly thanked by him for making his election as Governor of New Jersey possible, is now urging every patriotic American to vote for Hughes. Even if he did not advance reasons that should be persuasive to every thoughtful citizen, Colonel Harvey's attitude could not be justly ascribed to personal bitterness. Although Mr. Wilson, when he saw that Colonel Harvey's enthusiasm was endangering his chances with Mr. Bryan in the ante-convention fight of 1912, ungratefully kicked away the ladder by which he had ascended, he had the Colonel's loyal support after the nomination. Even in 1914, Colonel Harvey kept urging that a Congress friendly to the President be chosen. He had observed and freely commented upon some of the weaknesses of the President, but, after striking a balance, he decided that Mr. Wilson should be upheld.

His present attitude is taken after long deliberation. No other writer has shown a more intimate acquaintance with public affairs during the present administration. He is a Democrat of long standing. But he is a patriot first. His conclusion that the President stands for "Wilson first" is based

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on a careful study of his words and acts. Mr. Wilson has abandoned nearly every position he occupied as a writer and teacher and the statute of limitations has sometimes run on his utterances as President in sixty days. He has never been able to offer any explanation for his kaleidoscopic changes except one of expediency. For two years he has been ready to espouse almost any cause that gave promise of votes. Close students long observed this tendency, but the whole country saw its culmination in the railway controversy. His course with respect to that showed to what length he was ready to go "for the gratification of personal ambition."

The contrast between Hughes and Wilson is striking. As Colonel Harvey points out, there has been an utter absence of self-seeking in the entire career of Hughes. He has been a battler for right and justice, regardless of the consequences to his personal fortunes. He has clear, definite views as to what should be done for economic as well as military and naval preparedness. His party believes in those views. He would have a sympathetic, efficient cabinet. His election means safety.

WEAKNESS AND RECALCITRANCY

(From the Dayton Journal)

The late Marcus A. Hanna in the course of the first extended interview he had ever given for a newspaper, and that was in the campaign of 1896, said that he wanted nothing for himself, that he deemed it a sufficient honor if he could be instrumental in electing a President of the United States. He did succeed in electing William McKinley and it is history that Mr. McKinley never forgot the distinguished services of an unselfish friend. Recent mention of the name of Colonel George Harvey, one-time editor of *Harper's Weekly*, calls vividly to mind one more instance of a man who made a President, but how different the outcome in the case of Mr. Wilson.

Colonel Harvey really began an unselfish service in grooming Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, for the Presidency in 1908. He kept up a persistent hammering on the anvil of public opinion until New Jersey woke up and elected the Princeton professor Governor. There is no question about Mr. Wilson owing his election to Colonel Harvey, and by the further token, it was the continued effort of *Harper's* editor that focused Democratic attention upon the New Jersey Executive as the most available candidate for the Presidency leading up to the Baltimore Convention of 1912. The essential fact remains despite the cross-currents of influence which ultimately controlled that convention and into the merits of which it is not now necessary to enter. It is timely to remember that just before that convention Mr. Wilson gave out a letter wherein he said that he found the "support of Colonel Harvey embarrassing." The history of American politics hardly offers a more conspicuous or gratuitous example of ingratitude and it is no wonder that Colonel Harvey withdrew from active participation in the subsequent campaign which resulted in sending Mr. Wilson to the White House by a minority vote.

Now it is said that Colonel Harvey will give his support in the present campaign to Mr. Hughes, not from any latent sense of injury but because, like a good many others, he is disgusted with Mr. Wilson's weakness and recalcitrancy in connection with warring powers, and particularly with

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reference to his misdealings with Mexico, and his utter failure to give protection to American lives and American interests south of the Rio Grande.

ALTRUISM AND POLITICS

(From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer)

Some of the substantial, thoughtful supporters of Democracy are not aiding President Wilson in his campaign for re-election, while there are others who are giving him the faint praise that damns. Henry Watterson finds reasons in plenty why Mr. Wilson is not an ideal representative of the Democracy in the Presidential chair. He feels that the President's world altruism is interfering with common justice to his own people, and that much of it is mere scholastic dissertation; he finds the President, also, a shrewd politician and an opportunist who adjusts his altruism to practical political needs. Nevertheless, Mr. Watterson feels that his duty to Democracy calls for his support of its candidate.

Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, one of the strong men of journalism, who helped to elect Mr. Wilson President of the United States in 1912, finds reasons now for reversing his former judgment. To him, also, the President is an opportunist whose professed altruism does not fit in with his political strategy. More than this, he says, "Mr. Wilson has repeatedly shown evidence of temperamental incapacity to grasp and master a critical situation at the psychological moment," and the President's attitude in the railway strike situation may be cited as evidence of it.

Evident, even to the casual observer, is Mr. Wilson's inconsistency. For instance, how can the man whose voice trembles as he speaks of America as the torch-bearer of civilization and the trustee of human liberty, find it expedient to send a committee of Democratic politicians to Tammany Hall to beg Tammany to support him? And why should his fervent support be always enlisted on the side that shows the most votes?

The record indicates that, while the President's heart may often have bled for humanity, he is not above sending notice of the fact to those who may not have heard about it; and it shows that, while idealism and altruism are his stock in trade, he is not above stopping in his reform of a cold and practical world to repair his political fences.

SHARP TRUTHS

(From the Troy Times)

Colonel George Harvey, the discoverer of Woodrow Wilson as a Presidential possibility and the first to suggest the nomination of Mr. Wilson, has turned his batteries upon the Democratic candidate for re-election, and every gun is double-shotted The broadside issued by the distinguished editor is in the shape of an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in which the Wilson Administration's sins of omission and commission are reviewed in Colonel Harvey's trenchant style. The writer declares that the overpowering issues of the present campaign are: Military and industrial preparedness; government by and for the people, and national honor and opportunity. The Wil-

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son Administration, says Colonel Harvey, has fallen far short of meeting such issues satisfactorily. "Since Fort Sumter was fired upon there has been no such assault upon the right of the American people to rule themselves as that of the four brotherhoods at Washington in August of the present year"—and to that assault the Wilson Administration "yielded without a struggle." This is but a sample of the indictments brought by Colonel Harvey against the Wilson Administration, and the entire article is a crushing arraignment of the Democratic Executive and an earnest and whole-hearted laudation of Charles E. Hughes as a man whose word can be depended upon and one who "always means what he says." The Wilson Administration will find it impossible to furnish an effective answer to the Harvey article or to refute the sharp truths with which it bristles.

PREDICTIONS COME TRUE

(*From the Philadelphia Inquirer*)

It was Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who first discovered that Wilson was not only of Presidential size, but available material for the Democratic party. This was years ago, when Mr. Wilson was still president of Princeton, but evidently about to be superseded. Colonel Harvey is accredited with making Wilson candidate for Governor of New Jersey and electing him and then pushing him on to the Presidency. In this labor he had the cordial assistance of Colonel Watterson. In spite of these services, Colonel Harvey soon discovered that his thankless child had a serpent's tooth. He accused Wilson of lack of candor and something a great deal worse, although Colonel Harvey continued to support the Democratic party.

This lasted only a short time, for the doughty Colonel, who has just as much brains and courage as the other Colonel, would not stand for Wilson's policies nor some of his personal acts. He disliked his Mexican policy, his foreign policy in general and his attitude towards Germany. Pretty soon he disliked pretty much all of the things for which Wilson stood, and Warwick-like, looked around for a successor. It can hardly be said that Colonel Harvey nominated Hughes, but he certainly did a great deal to arouse public interest in the potentialities of that candidate. Now he has come out squarely for him and in an article filled with withering scorn his former protegé, Wilson, is held up as a worse than useless President who does not deserve re-election.

Colonel Harvey for fifteen years has developed into a political prophet, and so far all of his predictions have come true, both in national conventions and at the polls. He does not now go so far as to absolutely predict the success of Hughes, but he evidently believes that he is to win. As Colonel Harvey has been a lifelong Democrat the position he takes is significant.

IMPERSONAL JOURNALISM

(*From the Buffalo Express*)

Colonel George Harvey is out for Hughes. One of the interesting facts in connection with this is that it was Colonel Harvey who discovered Woodrow Wilson as a person having quality of Presidential value.

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For seven years the Colonel howled for Wilson. The columns of *Harper's Weekly*, of which he was editor in those days, were filled with the Colonel's prophecies. He sang many songs of praise and his exaltations were beyond compare. But there came a day when Mr. Wilson was convinced, because someone told him so, that the support of Colonel Harvey was hurting him among the Bryanites and he asked the Colonel to stop it. And the Colonel did stop it. In so doing he might have been very savage, but he wasn't. He was altogether the gentleman. However hurt he must have been, he gave every evidence of trying to see the matter from the Wilson viewpoint.

When the Wilson Administration came into being he sought to be friendly. But as the months rolled by and policy succeeded policy and mistake followed mistake the Colonel found it exceedingly difficult to follow his first love. Finally he had to give it up altogether, and the reasons therefor he sets forth at length in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. And it may be said for Colonel Harvey that they are not personal, but that they commend themselves to any sound-thinking, right-thinking American.

THE LOSS IN REVENUE

(From Leslie's)

War! A Philadelphia reader asks us this question: "Will you tell me why, if we have been kept out of war, we are still paying war taxes to the extent of over $200,000,000 a year? Perhaps the best answer to this inquiry will be found in the interesting opening article in the September issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, evidently written by its distinguished editor, Colonel Harvey, the discoverer of President Wilson. Figures from the books at Washington also cast an illuminating ray. They deserve careful reading: The value of importations into the United States for the year ended June 30, 1916, was $2,197,883,510. The average duty rate was 9.72. In the year ended June 30, 1913, which was under a protective tariff, the value of imports was $1,813,088,234 and the average duty rate was 18 per cent. If the importations under the new Underwood law had paid the same average rate of duty as was paid on imports under the old protective tariff, the amount returned to the Treasury would have been $395,619,031 instead of $211,866,222, the amount actually collected under the Underwood bill. In other words, the country lost more than $183,000,000 in revenue due to the low tariff. This, with extravagance in appropriations, forced upon us the war taxes such as the doubling of the income tax, increased corporation tax and various stamp and license taxes, not previously imposed in times of peace.

"CONVICTING AND CONVINCING"

(From the Boston Evening Transcript)

The hardest blow to fall upon Mr. Wilson during the week, the bitterest disappointment of his whole campaign, came neither from a political enemy nor a personal foe. It was dealt him by none other than Colonel

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George Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, his long-time guide, philosopher and friend, and a Democrat of Democrats. His pen promoted the president of Princeton to be Governor of New Jersey. His effort, enthusiasm and indefatigable evangelism more than the money of any man or group, more than the machinations of any politician or party, put Mr. Wilson in the White House. His task accomplished, his ambition achieved, the maker of Mr. Wilson and the prophet of the Presidency again took up "the pen that knows no brother." From the last inauguration day until the present he has watched the course of the Administration with irrepressible sympathy and written about it with impressive impartiality, mindful at all times of the everlasting truth of the words of George William Curtis, that

"No office is so great as that of moulding opinion, which makes parties and Presidents; that no patronage is so powerful as the just fear of an unquailing criticism brought home to every word and every act of every public man and commending its judgment to the intelligence and conscience of every citizen."

Colonel Harvey disposes of Mr. Wilson and declares for Mr. Hughes for President in what will turn out to be the most convicting and convincing document of the campaign, among all who in their hearts have hoped against hope for better things from Mr. Wilson and so far from finding satisfaction in his shortcomings suffer only poignant sorrow therefrom.

KEEPING OUT OF WAR

(From the New York Sun)

It was excessively disturbing to find in the September number of Colonel Harvey's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a conversation between one William P. Worthington, of Boston, and his nephew. Mr. Worthington is presented to us as a Democrat, "a retired merchant of a philosophical turn of mind, firm in his convictions and patriotic to the core of his being." He is represented as saying of Woodrow Wilson:

"The President has not kept us out of war. He put us into war when, before Congress had given him the power, he employed the 'armed forces of the United States' to enforce a personal decree in a neighboring State, and he repeated the operation when he ordered the troops to invade the same country. Battles have been fought and blood has been shed to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed by the regular soldiers of both countries. We are at war now and will continue to be so as long as an American soldier remains on foreign soil against the protest of that duly recognized foreign Government."

Mr. Worthington's nephew makes it clear, however, that he is not thinking of Mexico but of Europe. Whereupon Mr. Worthington declares:

"Mr. Wilson invited trouble when he handed the Austrian Ambassador his passports, but the Austrian Emperor refused to take up the gage of battle. It was he, not the President, who averted hostilities. . . . And it is not the President who has kept us out of war with Garmany. It is the Kaiser. Mr. Wilson's notes have been truculent enough to make for war over and over again, but Germany has averted conflict at each psychological moment. . . ."

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We had thought that Venustiano Carranza had kept his country out of war with Mexico and that Woodrow Wilson had kept this country out of all other wars, but in view of Mr. Worthington's assertion we are rapidly becoming confused. The next time any one tells us that somebody or other has kept us out of war we shall ask for minute specifications of when, how and where.

THE WHIPLASH OF WILSON

(From the Hartford Courant)

Among the several real issues of the present political campaign, from the Republican standpoint, is one clearly brought out in Senator Brandegee's recent speech, and in Mr. Hughes's latest speeches. The best formulation of this issue which we have seen is in the admirable summary of Republican issues given by Colonel Harvey in the last NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as follows: "Party Government vs. Personal Government!"

Taking all things into consideration, it is doubtful if any more important question is at stake in this campaign, and that admirable phrasing of the matter might well be a slogan, if not the slogan, or war-cry of the Republican hosts. The "New Freedom" turns out to be, for the President, to do just as he pleases in all things; for Congress, to do just as the President dictates; for the people, to grin and bear it. Since the days of Jackson there has been no such drastic dictatorship in the Executive Department of the Government, no such servility in the legislative department. And this, in the guise of democracy, and with no end of sops of honeyed phrases, complacently flung to "the people."

The Roosevelt brand of personal government, with "the big stick" in evidence, though not so much in use, was not altogether agreeable, but it was not, like the Wilson brand, personal dictatorship. The big stick of Roosevelt was a mere twig as compared with the whiplash of Wilson.

IGNORANT NEW ENGLAND

(From the Louisville Evening Post)

In order to measure fully the desperate condition into which the managers of the Republican campaign have fallen ponder for a moment the following paragraph from the Boston *Transcript* relative to the developments last week:

"The hardest blow to fall upon Mr. Wilson during the week, the bitterest disappointment of his whole campaign, came neither from a political enemy nor a personal foe. It was dealt him by none other than Colonel George Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, his long-time guide, philosopher and friend, and a Democrat of Democrats."

If the attack of Harvey was the hardest thing Mr. Wilson had to endure last week, he must be fortunate indeed. Harvey's opposition is a benefit, not a disturbance. It is a contribution to the Democratic campaign fund, not a liability.

This Harvey is the very Harvey whose support Mr. Wilson declared to be an injury five years ago.

So Mr. Harvey undertook to boom Mr. Wilson for the Presidency.

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There was something inconsistent in Mr. Wilson's record with the support Mr. Harvey was offering. This occurred to Mr. Harvey himself, and in order to establish an indissoluble relation with the future President, he sought to commit him to unreserved approval of his activities by asking him whether he thought his support was a help or a hindrance. With that plain, blunt way that characterizes the President Mr. Wilson said that he thought the support Mr. Harvey was giving him was an injury.

That a Republican journal in New England should believe that Mr. Harvey's attack upon Mr. Wilson was the hardest blow of the week shows how fortunate Mr. Wilson has been and how little the New England Republicans understand the passing campaign.

A NOTABLE CONTRIBUTION

(From the New York Herald)

"Mr. Worthington, a retired merchant of Boston," in which guise Colonel George Harvey has discussed the relative merits of President Wilson and Mr. Hughes, has at last made up his mind how he will vote. He is unreservedly for Mr. Hughes.

The *Herald* has been favored with the advance proofs of the article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in which Colonel Harvey finally and flatly repudiates the Democratic party and its candidates. The salient features are printed elsewhere in to-day's *Herald*.

It is an almost dramatic parting of company Colonel Harvey and Colonel Watterson, long in advance of the campaign of 1912, brought Mr. Wilson to the front as the hope of the Democracy. Mr. Wilson accepted this support and later secretly asked Colonel Harvey to cease supporting him, as he felt the Colonel's support was doing him injury. In one of the most notable contributions to the literature of the canvass of 1916 Colonel Harvey now gives his reasons for withdrawing his support.

A PHENOMENON OF POLITICS

(From the Detroit Free Press)

Colonel George Harvey's opinion on the Presidential election, of which *The Free Press* prints today some portion, is of interest and value partly because it comes from a man unusually qualified to discuss public affairs, but also, and perhaps more, by reason of the fact that the magazine editor was, as is well known, the original of all the "original Wilson men" in the country.

There is a profound significance in the remarkable situation that so many of the early advocates of Mr. Wilson for President are this year strongly opposed to his re-election. Colonel Harvey has some notable companions in his change of views about Mr. Wilson. William F. McCombs, who was the national chairman in 1912 and whose work was largely influential in the outcome of the campaign that year, has been "on the outs" with his former protegé for quite some time now. To come closer home, Michigan's "original Wilson man" was Louis E. Rowley—and readers of *The Free Press* know that a change has come over Brother Rowley since the last Presidential campaign.

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We would ask some of Mr. Wilson's present admirers whether there is not material for serious thinking in this fact that men who were ardently enthusiastic about him four years ago are now as ardently against him. They know the subject they discuss; that must be conceded. Is it not possible that they are better able to judge Mr. Wilson than those voters who can form their views only by remote hearsay?

It seems to us that this phenomenon of politics is worth careful consideration.

DIPLOMATS OF DEMOCRACY

(*From the Lowell Courier-Citizen*)

The failure of Colonel George Harvey to support President Wilson for re-election after making unusual efforts in his behalf four years ago, is less illogical than some of his fellow Democrats would have the public believe. He has been a frank critic of the Administration almost from the beginning, though he speaks in high praise of certain of the legislative measures that Mr. Wilson obtained. When the President made his diplomatic appointments, after giving the assurance that he would select "men without wealth, but possessing every other form of qualification," it was Colonel Harvey who remarked: "With the single exception of Mr. Walter H. Page, all of those appointed are men who, at one time or another, supplied pecuniary aid to the President's canvass." James W. Gerard was credited with a contribution of $13,500, and Mr. Penfield, selected for the important post at Austria-Hungary, gave $10,000 to the campaign fund.

IN DEMAND

(*From the Bookseller*)

For more than a century THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has rendered excellent service to thinking people, but never has it been more valuable or in more capable hands than at the present under the editorship and proprietorship of Colonel George Harvey, who is universally considered as one of the strongest writers in this country on public topics. In view of the approaching Presidential election, and the many vital issues involved, with partisan excitement daily becoming stronger, it is only natural that this great magazine, which stands out pre-eminently above anything else of the kind published, should be in great demand, especially as the campaign draws to a close.

THE PEOPLE WITH HUGHES

(*From the Troy Times*)

Colonel George Harvey's slogan, "Nobody wants Hughes—but the people" might be changed now to "Nobody goes to hear Hughes—but the people." Immense crowds, and with enthusiasm equal to the size, are hearing Mr. Hughes on the Pacific Coast, and wherever he goes he is making friends by his straightforwardness and his manliness. He is recognized everywhere as a sincere man, who with honest courage will serve the people.

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MARSE HENRY AT WORK

(*From the New York Herald*)

After reading the lucid analysis of Mr. Wilson's record written by Colonel Harvey, his friend and "co-discoverer" of other days, Colonel Henry Watterson, sat down and indited, for the *Courier-Journal*, an able disquisition on "Cooking an Egg."

GARDEN SAUCE

(*From the New York Sun*)

Colonel Harvey's latest essay on his distinguished ex-protegé wrote itself, we understand, with such facility that the Colonel chose to settle with himself on the length-of-the-run basis instead of the time footing. What's sauce for the brotherhood goose is sauce for the literary gander.

EMBARRASSMENTS

(*From the Manchester Union*)

Still we have a hunch that Colonel George Harvey's support of Mr. Wilson a little more than four years ago wasn't any more "embarrassing" to Woodrow than Colonel Harvey's criticisms of him now.

A DEDUCTION

(*From the New York World*)

After reading Colonel Harvey's argument in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for Hughes, we are convinced that Colonel Harvey intends to vote for Wilson.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GENERAL STEPHENSON ON CIVIL WAR GENERALS

SIR,—I have recently finished reading Charles Francis Adams's Autobiography. It was so interesting that I read it to the last page.

His opinions of some of the generals of the war are sometimes correct and often amusing. Grant, he says, was of a coarse fibre and did not impress him with a sense of character, and he might have added that he was vindictive: any strictly impartial man would have the same opinion; but he gives Grant more credit than was due him when, in his castigation of Butler, he charges him with breaking Grant's plan of campaign.

It was Robert E. Lee, not Butler, that smashed Grant's plans.

I have always believed that if Gen. McClellan had been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, with a force that exceeded Lee's by more than two to one, and relieved of the interference of Stanton and Halleck, he would have captured Richmond in three months; it took Grant eleven months to accomplish the task.

Gen. Charles Griffin, the last commander of the 5th Corps, fought his battery at the battle of 1st Bull Run, and at the close of the war led the corps through the streets of Richmond. One day, during the Grant campaign of 1864, in an impulse of indignation and grief at the terrible losses sustained by his division in an unsuccessful assault on the enemy's works, he said to an officer: "I am not very friendly to Gen. McClellan, but I would throw up my cap if an order should come today placing him in command of the army. I am tired and sick of receiving orders that, at such a time, our troops must attack the enemy's works. It is nothing but murder." Gen. Griffin undoubtedly expressed the feelings of a large majority of the officers of the army.

But to return to Adams' opinion of the character and ability of officers. Meade, he says, was irritable, petulant, and dyspeptic (true at times), but as commander in battle he was cool, collected, and self-poised. Warren left in him a sense of lightness; that might be true at times, but he, Adams, did not recognize, apparently, the fact that at the battles of Bull Run 2nd and Gettysburg he exhibited remarkable force and energy and the skill of a great soldier. For a wonder, Adams gives Hancock the praise that he well earned. Sheridan, he thought, "lacked character"; he might have added that he was arbitrary, vindictive, and cruel. His statements regarding "Joe" Hooker, "Dan" Butterfield, and "Dan" Sickles about hit the truth. A despicable trio!

I think he overestimated the ability of Gens. Sedgwick and Humphreys in comparison with other generals. Probably the reason for that was that they (especially Humphreys) were his personal friends.

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Judged by the best standards, Gen. Adams himself had none of the qualities of inspiration and enthusiasm, or the instinct of a real soldier. It seems apparent that the duties of the march, camp, and bivouac were distasteful to him, and that his blood did not rush quickly, his heart did not throb at the thought of meeting the foe on the battlefield. He certainly showed a lack of energy when his regiment was being reduced by sickness on account of the unhealthy location of his camps, yet he made no effort to get a change of location. Surely, the son of Charles Francis Adams, the skilful and loyal Minister to the Court of St. James, could have obtained the necessary permission for a change of the location of his camp, simply for the asking.

When his regiment did leave the unhealthy camp, he obtained the necessary permission (and horses) to mount his men for scout duty, a service which requires intelligence, energy, active minds, coolness and courage, traits which the colored soldiers possessed in only a limited degree.

His regiment proved a failure, and Adams retired from the service.

I would not attempt to criticise his action during the years that followed his military career: his service as a lawyer, and especially as the head manager of the Union Pacific Railroad—which he evidently considered the greatest work of his life; but, as a soldier, I would express my admiration of the moral courage he displayed, the words of justice he spoke, in his admirable eulogy of Gen. Robert E. Lee before the Virginians at their University.

This great soldier, who was equaled only by Gen. McClellan (and possibly by George H. Thomas), among the noted Union Generals of the Civil War, for military skill, for a pure and temperate life, honesty and generous action, was well worthy of the words of praise and respect awarded him by Gen. Adams.

We may blame Gen. Lee for his disloyalty to his country, but, at the same time, the atmosphere in which he had lived, which constantly asserted the principle of "State rights," teaching him that his first duty was loyalty to his State rather than to his country, should be considered in passing judgment on his action at the beginning of the Civil War.

It would be folly to deny that if many of the soldiers who fought for the Union had been born and raised at the South and educated in Southern ideas amid Southern environment, they would have fought for the Southern Confederacy instead of in the armies of the Union.

If Gen. Adams leaves no other memories to perpetuate his name in the future, he will be honored and revered in the South for the brave and generous words he uttered in his notable address on the life and character of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

LUTHER STEPHENSON,
Brevet Brig. Gen'l, U. S. Volunteers.

HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

TRAITORS

SIR,—In your editorial in the September NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW upon the execution of Sir Roger Casement as a traitor to the British Government you show that no analogy existed between Casement and General Washington.

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You do this in a few lucid sentences, giving simply the bare facts, in substance as follows:

Washington represented a fully organized government, capable of exercising, and which did in fact exercise, the functions of government, both in authority and responsibility.

This fact placed the Colonies in the category of sovereign belligerents, even though they were in one sense Revolutionists.

The British ministry so interpreted the situation, for it sent Howe to negotiate with Washington, and subsequently expressed a readiness to engage in further negotiations.

Those American patriots who fell into its hands were not treated as traitors or punished as such by it, but both private soldiers and high officers were regarded as legitimate prisoners of war and so treated.

I entirely agree with you, for none of these facts could be urged in behalf of Roger Casement. He had accepted profitable employment for long years from the British Government, also Knighthood and other honors from the King. He properly met a traitor's doom—terrible, yet just.

So far so good. But why spoil an admirable article by one unhappy sentence in your closing paragraph?

These are your words: "Our own nation dealt with treason and with traitors in 1861-65 very differently from the way it dealt with them in 1776-83."

With what treason and with what traitors in 1861-65? Was not the Confederate States a fully organized Government, firmly established? Was it not capable of exercising, and did it not exercise, the functions of government both in authority and in responsibility? Were they not sovereign belligerents, so recognized by the nations of the world, including the United States itself? Were not Confederate prisoners, both military and civilian, treated as legitimate prisoners of war? Indeed, do you not recall that instead of sending Mr. Seward or even General Grant to the memorable peace conference in Hampton Roads, Mr. Lincoln went in person to negotiate with the Vice-President of the Confederate States and his colleagues? True, Mr. Lincoln carried Seward with him, but only as an adviser.

Do you realize that "treason and traitors" are ugly words to apply to some millions of brave, generous and patriotic men? Is not treason infamous? Is not "traitor" the extremest term of infamy?

Can it be that more than fifty years after Appomatox, Colonel George Harvey, editor of the one great journal published in America, who has a very host of sincere admirers in the South, deliberately characterizes our people in terms which if true should bar us from the homes of all honorable men in all the world? If our fathers were traitors, then not even your pardon, "so creditable to you in sentiment," can wipe out the stain. We did not expect such words from you whom so many of us both respect and esteem. Did you really mean it, Colonel Harvey?

A. L. MILLER.

MACON, GEORGIA.

[No, we certainly did not mean any such thing, but quite the contrary. Perhaps our meaning would have been clearer if we had spoken of the way in which this nation dealt with *the subject* of treason and traitors, instead of "with treason and with traitors." Our meaning was that things

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which were regarded as treason and men who were regarded as traitors in the Revolution were not thus regarded in the Civil War; or, however they may have been regarded by some in the passion of conflict, they were never practically dealt with as such. In all that struggle, we believe, only one man was ever made to suffer the penalty of treason, and that was done by an officer whose conduct has been criticised by the North as severely as by the South. How such matters were regarded in Revolutionary times may be judged from the fact that Virginia and Pennsylvania in 1785 enacted laws making it treason to attempt to erect a new state in any part of their territory without the consent of the legislature. If this nation had been animated by the same spirit in 1861-65, it might have regarded as traitors all who strove—as of course the South did—to erect a new state within its territory. Instead, it regarded the seceding Confederates as belligerents, entitled to the same treatment that would have been given to some entirely separate nation which for some cause had waged war against us.—EDITOR.]

THE NICARAGUA ROUTE

SIR,—In the September issue of your REVIEW, under "Letters to the Editor," I have read with interest the communication of Mr. Joseph Ferguson, of Philadelphia, and your reply, relative to "The Nicaragua Route." I am especially interested in the Nicaraguan Canal possibilities, having, in years gone by, had relatives more or less intimately associated with the Nicaraguan Government in fostering this route for our canal.

Could you direct me to any records, here or in Nicaragua, wherein I might find the extent of negotiations achieved during the Presidency of Zelaya and the names of some, if not all, of the parties who advocated this route during the ten years (1893 to 1903) referred to in your reply to the above mentioned letter? Frequently, I have made several attempts to get statistics anent this matter, and not until THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW hove in sight did I feel that any of the attempts would be successful.

May I express to you my keen appreciation of the literary excellence of the REVIEW, which I read with genuine delight and anticipate with wonderment and interest?

With cordial and hearty wishes for the Editor and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

JAS. R. GARBER.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

[The Nicaragua Maritime Canal Company of 1889 was under the presidency of Hiram Hitchcock, of New York; and its actual work was done by a Construction Company, under the presidency of Senator Warner Miller, of New York. The whole venture failed in 1893. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, conducted for years thereafter a campaign for Government aid for the rehabilitation of the enterprise, but did not succeed. In 1898 a rival organization was formed to take over from Nicaragua a renewal of the concession which was about to lapse. This was known as the Grace-Eyre-Cragin Syndicate, and included among its members William R. Grace, John D. Crimmins, John Jacob Astor, Levi P. Morton, Darius O. Mills, and other New York capitalists. The State Department interceded in behalf

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of the Maritime Canal Company, and secured a waiver of the forfeiture of the concession, pending arbitration. Then Nicaragua cancelled the Grace-Eyre-Cragin Syndicate's engagement. A long struggle followed, in Congress and elsewhere, between the rival interests of Nicaragua and Panama, with the result that in June, 1902, Panama won. See Keasbey's *Nicaragua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine* (Putnams); and Johnson's *Four Centuries of the Panama Canal* (Holt); also voluminous Congressional and other Government reports.—EDITOR.]

A LYRIC PLEA

SIR,—

Last week—how time crawls! it seems like ages
Since I was (waiting for your pregnant pages)
Amazed to find in Boston's *Evening Transcript*—
'Twas Saturday's—that your publisher had tipped
Off that avid owl's prognostication
As to how runs the pulse behind the nation.
Sunday limped on; and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday;
Thursday's no more; now, Friday's setting sun
Tells me that I must put my griefs away,
If on the morrow I expect to don
The armor of Rightonwardness, and press
Toward my hunger's goal—no, not success,
As that be—housed, warmed, fed, clothed. I? Oh, well,
After a fashion; that is, I've survived:
Good mother had: nursed—loved—and cast a spell
Over my spirit, that is not outlived.
But now I'm conscious of a certain power
That calls for strong meat—to sustain high quest.
The hunger-pains are sharper hour to hour—
As time approaches for *The Monthly Feast.*
These be the days—no, not "that try men's souls,"
There's no elastic left in that starched phrase—
When men must be alert to what controls
The throttle of the *push* and *pull,* that plays
Upon the engine of the multitude:
For evil ends—when not to everlasting good!
The World is very sick! but everywhere
Contagion sweeps, the Mighty Ones are *there,*
Slashing the thongs that bind Man from His Own.
But, what of Liberty on her offenseless throne?
See! the deft spiders spin th' transparent tissue,
And wrap it round her, and declare: and issue
Waits on their skill! Use words bled white and dying!
While all about America is crying:
Turn, turn, O People! sleep no more! rise up!
And take deep draughts from the great Fathers' cup
That brims with wine of Hope's emancipation.
And, as it lives, see to it, that your nation
No more shall rest on frail prosperity
Afforded by Affliction's Progeny!

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He waits to serve, who lives not by excuse:
One great American—Charles Evans Hughes.
Yes, Sir, I've paid your fee; and small enough
The price you asked for the full-headed cones
That come—or heretofore came—filled with stuff
That puts the iron in blood, and strength on bones.
Send me, O Editor, I beseech you,
TH' OCTOBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

ALBERT EVANS.

BOSTON, MASS.

BRANDEIS THE UNFIT

SIR,—The twelve charges brought against Mr. Brandeis, and fully established after conscientious and entirely non-partisan investigation by the most eminent lawyers at the American Bar, should have disqualified that gentleman for a moment's consideration as a candidate for the Supreme Court Bench.

Yet Mr. Wilson, with what amounted to a fairly passionate insistence, pressed him for that high place where, if anywhere in the country's service, Caesar's wife standards should be applied with a rigor that knows no shading or compromise.

Yet Mr. Wilson's astonishing log-rolling campaign for this man's confirmation by the Senate finally won, and if he is not an unfit person for such a distinction, then we may as well hereafter abandon all inquiry by the Senate into a nominee's fitness, and accept the Presidential selection as *per se* binding.

From your masterly study of the Wilson administration in the last number of the REVIEW I select this particular point on which to base my hearty expression of approval of the entire article, because from the time the Brandeis misfortune was inflicted upon us, it has perhaps, more than any other of Mr. Wilson's disastrous mistakes, irritated me as a lawyer privileged to practice before the United States Supreme Court—a privilege in which heretofore I have felt some degree of pride, but which now moves me to distinctly less enthusiasm.

E. R. P.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

SIR,—The twelve reasons given by the highest legal personal authority in the country why Mr. Brandeis should not be made a Supreme Court Justice are in themselves, as you present the entire Brandeis case in your October comment in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, twelve good and sufficient reasons, even if there were no others, why Woodrow Wilson should not again be elected to the Presidency of the United States.

What personal reasons Mr. Wilson may have had for urging this disqualified person's appointment, and for his insistent demand for confirmation by the Senate, we are not permitted to know. Yet that there should have been a personal bond of sympathy between the two is in a measure understandable. Both, by their own records, exhibit a fondness for being on both sides of all controversies and issues that come within their purview

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Mr. Wilson, as you so convincingly show, has been for and against preparedness; he has been for and against the preposterous Army Bill as passed; he has been an ally of Villa and at war with Villa; he was avowedly opposed on principle to exempting labor organizations from punishment for crimes committed in violation of the laws against conspiracies in restraint of trade, and he signed a measure explicitly granting them such immunity; he was against a protective tariff, and, if he has not reversed himself again within a few hours, is for a protective tariff. And so on through all the gamut.

As the twelve counts in the indictment against Mr. Brandeis conclusively show, that gentleman appears to have been impartially active on both sides of a large number of the causes in which he appeared from time to time as counsel. Perhaps it is the wobbling tie that binds the twain.

In passing, I beg to say that anybody who can read your absolutely fair analysis of Woodrow Wilson's record, and then vote for him at the coming election, is past my understanding.

E. V. S.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

FUNDAMENTAL UNFITNESS

SIR,—To my mind, your retrospective arraignment of the Wilson régime in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is about the most overwhelming indictment ever drawn up against an administration.

Temperate in tone, even rather kindly than otherwise, your presentation of the cold facts most conspicuous in Woodrow Wilson's career in the White House needs no argumentative rhetoric to carry irresistible conviction of his congenital unfitness for the exalted office which your own efforts enabled him to attain. To be quite candid, I have precious little sympathy for you personally in whatever disappointment your protegé has been to you.

At the psychological moment, you dragged out of obscurity a person better calculated than perhaps any other at the time to win at the polls. You selected a mighty good candidate and a mighty poor President. Of course he kicked down the ladder by which he had climbed. That was inevitable, and I have not the least doubt that you fully anticipated precisely that result when you were laboriously pushing him up it. I do not sympathize with any disappointment there, for I do not believe *you* were disappointed. And I do not sympathize with you in your disappointment at the man's pitiful exhibition of himself in the White House. If you were penetrating enough to see through a dense murk of scholastic obscurity a potential candidate of exceptional strength, you should have had enough clearness of vision to see the candidate's fundamental unfitness for the Presidency.

Your arraignment of Woodrow Wilson as a President is a damning one. That cannot be denied. But by the same token, you yourself come under every clause in the terrible indictment. Without you, we would never have had him. You wished him on us.

THOMAS P. WILLIAMS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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DID SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IRISHMEN DRESS FOR DINNER?

SIR,—A recent issue of the REVIEW contains an article by Havelock Ellis entitled "The Genius of England," which contains at least one statement creating an entirely false impression of the morals of the Irish people in the seventeenth century and before.

On page 213 appears the following: "The Irish, even of high social class, as Fynes Moryson bore witness, sometimes dispensed with clothing as late as the seventeenth century." He means, of course, that the Irish like the old Indians and African savages, were accustomed to go around naked, or nearly so.

Such a statement must be branded as a lie by any person acquainted with Irish history who is not animated by hatred of the Irish people, and a desire to help the English to pose as civilizers of a people vastly more cultured in olden times than was the conquering nation.

That Mr. Ellis is forced to rely upon the trash retailed by Lord Mountjoy's anti-Irish secretary (he can't be dignified with the name "historian") is in itself suggestive of the utter falsity of the assertion he makes.

Before Mr. Ellis again attempts to write anything concerning the Irish people, let him consult *authorities*. Let him read the History of Ireland by E. A. D'Alton, M. R. I. A.; works of Mrs. A. S. Green, Dr. P. W. Joyce, Mitchell, the "Four Masters."

In the introduction to his *History of Ireland*, Dr. Geoffrey Keating deals with Fynes Moryson and other English writers who spread abroad such criminal falsehoods as that which Mr. Ellis gave vent to. Dr. Keating lived in Ireland in the seventeenth century and wrote soon after Moryson.

C. R. MILLER.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

WE HAVE ALREADY DECIDED

SIR,—The dialogue, "The Political Situation," in your September issue, is puzzling. Your Editor's logic or his conscience needs treatment. What is the determining factor for which he is waiting before deciding whom to vote for in the Presidential election? Certainly he cannot support Mr. Wilson, as henceforward there can be nothing but talk by both candidates. Mr. Wilson's Administration is closed, practically, until after November. Does your Editor propose to decide the vexing question upon the speeches to be made by Mr. Wilson and Justice Hughes? Is it oratory and argument he awaits? To be sure, he will not accept Mr. Wilson's talk as against his record as President. And if your Editor is to be believed, that record is "rotten to the core." Not only is every public act and word of Mr. Wilson's false, dishonest, incapable and demagogical, but he is a miserable character, according to the Editor—the most unworthy and incapable of all citizens for the great office he holds. This being the case, the Editor must have a sorry estimate of Justice Hughes, or his mind would be in no such doubtful state.

To be sure, your Editor has a nightmare. All the Democrats I know believe Mr. Wilson to be one of the greatest (if not the very greatest) Presidents this country ever had; but that is really not the question troubling your readers. It is this: Upon what ground does your Editor propose to

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decide how he will cast his vote? It seems impossible to write so long an article, and in such excellent style, and still avoid a semblance of logic; but your Editor has achieved that feat.

THOS. P. STEGER.

BONHAM, TEXAS.

FROM A DISGUSTED DEMOCRAT

SIR,—I beg leave to express my thanks for your editorial comment in this month's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in its entirety. You do not dwell on the disastrous Underwood tariff quite as strongly as many of us would have liked, but where the whole is so powerful a document, it would be but poor taste to cavil.

Personally I am a Democrat, and have voted for seven successive Democratic candidates for the Presidency, but I can not and will not vote again for a party that has worked such havoc in business by its free trade insanity as has the party of Woodrow Wilson. Of course he is hedging on the tariff, as he hedges on everything else that he thinks he knows his own mind about for twenty-four hours. But that will not work. I'm through with Woodrow Wilson and his party.

And that is why I am asking the privilege of extending my personal thanks to you for your this month's editorial. When anybody asks me why I have dropped Wilson, whom I voted for four years ago, I have in compact form in your article a better explanation of my change of mind than I could ever get together myself in a year's effort at expressing myself.

MANUFACTURER.

AKRON, OHIO.

FROM THE SOUTH

SIR,—I can almost cry for joy when, here among these little, unfair newspapers, I can still find the truth (as by its both-sidedness I am convinced it is) in your editorial: "For President, Charles Evan Hughes." This is not because I am Democrat, Progressive, or Republican, but because I am American.

Do you think it is too much to hope that some just man or men with money will before long invest in a newspaper down here that will tell the truth and the whole truth, whoever it hurts or benefits? It is ignorance that makes the South "solid" like a drove of sheep, thus making ineffectual the votes of those (now a very few) thoughtful and honest men whose convictions are, and whose votes would be, for the best interests, as they understand them, of all the people, regardless of party lines. Four or five editors with your courage, effectively distributed over the Southern States, could in fewer years than might at first be thought, redeem the South from the slavery under ignorance that now binds and retards it.

The Kansas City *Star* has done for its community what can be done here if some persons with grit, and the money to back it, will buy and conduct, as suggested above, some Southern papers.

I am one of your sincere admirers.

C. H. RICHMOND.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

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IN MASSED FORMATION

SIR,—As one of your readers both in *Harper's Weekly* and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I have on many occasions admired the forbearance and moderation of your comments on President Wilson's many and deplorable errors of judgment, and, what is far worse, manifestations of instability of principle.

Indeed, I have more than once all but lost patience with a tolerant attitude on your part towards the President's glaring weaknesses and inconsistencies, which I feared might be born of a dread lest you be swayed by personal feelings.

In view of your editorial summing of Mr. Wilson in the last REVIEW, I now appreciate, as I have not done before, your studied impartiality in dealing with all his acts and omissions. That very unbiased fairness in the past, and indeed in the recent editorial itself, lends a weight to your presentation in massed formation of the deadly array of irrefutable facts against the Wilson Administration, which is to the last degree crushing.

I thank you for that splendid piece of editorial work, as I have had occasion to do in my own mind many times for your editorials in the past

FREDERICK R. BLAKE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FROM A NEW JERSEY DEMOCRAT

SIR,—I think the wise Josh Billings one time said: "A man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better calculated for that business than any other." I am very glad, indeed, that you have not joined that class.

I never believed for a moment in the nomination of Wilson for Governor of this State. Elected he was a failure here, as he has been in Washington; but a very dangerous man. That you are to some extent responsible for him will forever stand as one of your errors.

You may recall that when Martine was making his canvas for Senator, Wilson descended from the Executive Chamber here to tell the Democrats in Newark that those who did not vote for him (Martine) would "be marked, labelled and remembered," and he uttered the same warning at a meeting in Jersey City. Now Martine beats his candidate, Westcott, by twenty odd thousand, and right here in Wilson's own county—if he has any county which is his own—by two hundred and forty-six. No more Wilson!

DEMOCRAT.

TRENTON, N. J.

[The writer of the above is one of the most prominent Democrats in New Jersey.—EDITOR.]

DANIELS

SIR,—Yesterday I read a long article in the Arkansas *Gazette* purporting to be an interview with Admiral Dewey in which he said many good things about Secretary Daniels. As there seems to be a difference in the position held by Mr. Daniels in your estimation and the position he holds in Admiral Dewey's estimation, I wish you would give us in the REVIEW

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something that can be depended on about Mr. Daniels. If he is the paragon of incompetence you make him appear, then why should Admiral Dewey take time to speak well of him, and why should President Wilson keep him on the job?

JAS. W. MARSHALL.

JUNCTION CITY, ARK.

[Admiral Dewey has been quoted as speaking both favorably and unfavorably of Mr. Daniels. President Wilson has kept him in office for "counsel in intimate fashion" and, if re-elected, will undoubtedly retain him for another four years.—EDITOR.]

UNPALATABLE MEDICINE

SIR,—I have read in the September number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW your dialogue discussing The Political Situation. Frankly, I feel that it savors of unfairness to put forward, in the guise of a Democrat, the worthy (?) Mr. Worthington, and to put in his mouth the words and phrases of a strongly partisan Republican. The gentleman you personify could never have been a Democrat and so grudgingly allow credit to the Party for its notable achievements of the past four years—more remarkable in view of the peculiarly unsettled conditions existing.

Can you not administer this campaign "medicine" in more palatable form?

GEO. A. LOVEJOY.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

A PERFECT JOY

SIR,—You are doing fine things right along. Exceptionally fine was your tribute to James Whitcomb Riley, which came under my eye only yesterday. It is a bit of real literature—a classic of its kind—and I am preserving it for my children and my children's children. Possibly it touched my heart all the more closely because of my love of Riley, developed in Hoosierdom decades ago, when we were "so happy and so pore."

Let me also say to you that I find THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a perfect joy. I impatiently wait its coming and revel in its contents. More power to you! And may the Presidential hand-picking you are doing at this juncture, which I approve most heartily, not go awry in November or ultimately.

SCOTT C. BONE.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

HIS SEVENTEENTH PRESIDENTIAL VOTE

SIR,—Please accept my congratulations to you for having dropped Woodrow Wilson. His heartless treatment of Smith was *damnable*. To stick to one's friends through thick and thin, especially in political matters, is my golden rule. I am ninety-two past, and I hope to cast my seventeenth Presidential vote for a man who, whatever turns up in domestic or foreign affairs, will instinctively know what a President of the United States ought to do, and who has the backbone to do it.

H. H. THOMPSON.

PASSAIC, N. J.

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WE WILL

SIR,—I have been reading your NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for the last three months on the Presidential situation, and I wish to express to you not only my hearty concurrence in the same, but my great admiration for the analysis of the situation which you have made.

I have no doubt you will keep up the good work even after the crisis of November 7th, 1916.

OMRI F. HIBBARD.

NEW YORK CITY.

CONSTANCY

SIR,—I so enjoyed your article in the August number of the REVIEW on "Political Pledges" that I sent to a large number of my friends "back in the States" a post card inscribed: "Maud is dead. See NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for Aug."

I followed you through your discovery of Wilson in *Harper's Weekly*, and I am still keeping up with you in the REVIEW.

GEO. L. BURKE.

SAPULPA, OKLAHOMA.

THANK YOU

SIR,—Let me take this occasion to congratulate you upon the striking quality of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW during the last year. Some of the articles written by yourself have been quite at the head of journalistic achievement in the whole of the country.

WILLIAM B. HOWLAND.

NEW YORK CITY.

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